

# THE CORONATION

## A COMEDY.

As it was presented by her  
Majesties Servants at the private  
House in Drury Lane.

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Written by John Fletcher. Gent.

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LONDON,

Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke, and  
William Cooke. and are to be sold at the signe  
of the Greene Dragon, in Pauls  
Church-yard. 1640.



## The Actors Names.

*Hibbles.*

*Lisander.*

*Cassander.*

*Lysimachus.*

*Antigonus.*

*Arcadius.*

*Macarius.*

*Seleucus.*

*Queene.*

*Charilla.*

*Polidora.*

*Nestorius.*

*Eubulus.*

*A Bishop.*

*Polianus.*

*Sophia.*

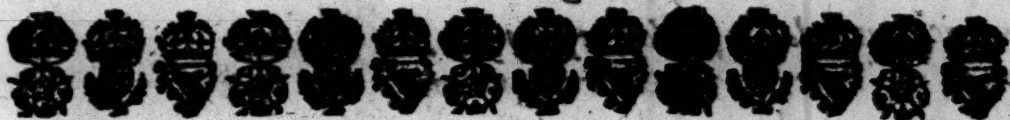
*Demetrius.*

*Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.*

*Servants and Attendants.*

Printed by J. W. Cooke, for Andrew Cooke, and  
of the Great Britain, in 1740.





## The Prologue.

**S**ince tis become the Title of our Play,  
A woman once in a Coronation may  
With pardon, speake the Prologue, give us free  
A welcome to the Theater, as he  
That with a little beard, a long blacke aloke,  
With a starch'd face, and supple legges backspoke  
Before the Playes the twelvemonth, let me then  
Present a welcome to these Gentlemen,  
If you be kind, and noble, you will not  
Thinke the worse of me for my petticoate.  
But to the Play, the Poet bad me tell  
His feares first in the title, lest it swell  
Some thoughts with expectation of a straine,  
That but once could be seene in a Kings raigne,  
This Coronation, he hopes you may  
See often, while the genious of his Play,  
Doth prophesie the Conduites may runne wine,  
When the dayes triumph's ended, and divine  
Bricke Nectar swell his temples to a rage,  
With something of more price to invest the Stage.  
There rests but to prepare you, that although  
It be a Coronation, there doth flow  
No undermirth, such as doth lar' a the scene  
For course delight, the language here is cleare.  
And confident our Poet bad me say,  
Heele bate you but the folly of a Play.  
For which although dull soules his pen dispise,  
Who thinkes it yet too careely to be wise.  
The nobler will thanke his muse, at least  
Excuse him, cause his thought aym'd at the best;

## The Prologue.

But we conclude us, is dost rest in you.  
To censure Poet, Play, and Prologue too.  
But what have I omitted? is there not  
A blush upon my cheekes that I forgot  
The Ladies, and a Female Prologue too?  
Your pardon noble Gentlemen, you  
Were first within my thoughts, I know you sit  
As free, and high Commissioners of wit,  
Have cleare, and active soules, nay though the men  
Were lost in your eyes, they'l be found again,  
You are the bright intelligences move,  
And make a harmony this sphere of Love,  
Be you propitious then, our Poet sayes,  
Our wreath from you, is worth their grove of Bayes:

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**THE**

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# THE CORONATION.

*Actus. I.*

*Enter Philocles and Lisander.*

*Phi.*



*M*ake way for my Lord Protector.

*Lisa.* Your graces servants.

*Enter Cassander and Lisimachus.*

*Cas.* I like your diligent waiting, where's *Li-*

*Lis.* I waite upon you sir. (*Lisimachus?*)

*Cas.* The Queene looks pleasant  
This morning, does she not?

*Lis.* I ever found  
Her gracious smiles on me.

*Cas.* She does consult  
Her safety in't, for I must tell thee boy,  
But in the assurance of her love to thee,  
I should advance thy hopes another way,  
And use the power I have in *Epire*, to  
Settle our owne, and uncontrouled greatnesse;  
But since she carries her selfe so fairely,  
I am content to expect, and by her marriage  
Secure thy fortune, that's all my ambition.

*B*

*Now,*

*The Coronation.*

Now, be still carefull in thy applications  
To her, I must attend other affaires,  
Returne, and use what art thou canst to lay  
More charmes of love upon her.

*Lisi.* I presume  
Shee alwayes speakes the language of her heart,  
And I can be ambitious for no more  
Happinesse on earth then she encourages  
Me to expect.

*Cas.* It was an act becoming  
The wisdom of her Father to engage  
A tie betwene our families, and she  
Hath playd her best discretion to allow it;  
But we lose time in conference, waite on her,  
And be what thou wert borne for, King of *Epire*,  
I must away.

*Exit.*

*Lisi.* Successse ever attend you.  
Is not the Queene yet comming forth?

*Lisa.* Your servant,  
You may command our duties,  
This is the Court starre *Philocles*.

*Phi.* The starre that we must saile by.

*Lisa.* All must borrow  
A light from him, the young Queene directs all  
Her favours that way.

*Phi.* Hees a noble Gentleman  
And worthy of his expectations:  
Too good to be the son of such a Father.

*Lisa.* Peace, remember he is Lord Protector.

*Phil.* We have more need of Heavens protection  
I'th meane time, I wonder the old King  
Did in his life designe him for the office.

*Lisa.* He might suspect his faith, I have heard when  
The King who was no *Epirote* advanc'd  
His claime, *Cassander*, our Protector now,  
Young then, oppos'd him roughly with his faction,  
But forc'd to yeeld had faire conditions,  
And was declar'd by the whole state next heire

If



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If the King wanted issue; our hopes only  
Thriv'd in this daughter.

*Phi.* Whom but for her smiles  
And hope of marriage with *Lisimachus*,  
His Father by some cunning had remov'd  
Ere this.

*Lisa.* Take heed, the Arras may have eares  
I should not weepe much if his grace would hence  
Remove to Heaven.

*Phi.* I prethee what should he do there ?

*Lisa.* Some Offices will fall.

*Phi.* And the sky too, ere I get one staire higher  
While hees in place.

*Enter Antigonus.*

*Ant.* *Lisander, Philocles,*  
How looks the day upon us ? where's the Queene ?

*Phi.* In her bed-chamber.

*Ant.* Who was with her ?

*Lisa.* None but the yong Lord *Lisimachus*.

*Ant.* Tis no treason  
If a man with himselfe a Courtier  
Of such a possibility : he has  
The mounting fate.

*Phi.* I would his Father were  
Mounted toth' gallows.

*Ant.* He has a path faire enough,  
If he survive by title of his Father.

*Lisa.* The Queene will hasten his ascent.

*Phi.* Would I wore Queene.

*Ant.* Thou woud'st become rarely the peticote,  
What woud'st thou doe ?

*Phi.* Why, I woud marry  
My Gentleman usher, and trust all the strength  
And burden of my state upon his legges,  
Rather then be call'd wife by any sonne  
Of such a Father.

*Lisa.* Come lets leave this subject,  
We may finde more secure discourse ; when saw

*The Coronation.*

You young *Arcadius*, Lord *Macarius* Nephew?

*Ant.* There's a sparke, a youth moulded for a favorite,  
The Queene might doe him honour,

*Pbi.* Favorite, tis too cheape a name, there were a match  
Now for her Virgin blood.

*Lisa.* Must every man

That has a handsome face or legge feed such

Ambition: I confesse I honour him,

He has a nimble soule, and gives great hope

To be no woman-hater, dances handsomely,

Can court a Lady powerfully, but more goes

Toth' making of a Prince: hees here,

Ands Vncle. *Enter Arcadius, Macarius, Seleucus.*

*Sel.* Save you Gentlemen, who can direct me

To finde my Lord Protector?

*Lisa.* He was here

Within this halfe houre, young *Lisimachus*

His sonne is with the Queene.

*Sel.* There let him complement,

I have other businesse, ha? *Arcadius!* *Exit.*

*Pbi.* Observ'd you with what eyes *Arcadius*

And he saluted, their two families

Will hardly reconcile.

*Ant.* *Seleucus* carries

Himselfe too roughly, with what pride and scorne

He past by em.

*Lisa.* The tother with lesse shew

Of anger carries pride enough in's soule,

I wish em all at peace, *Macarius* looks

Are without civill warre, a good old man,

The old King lov'd him well, *Seleucus* Father

Was as deare to him, and maintain'd the character

Of an honest Lord through *Epire*: that two men

So lov'd of others, should be so unwell-come

To one another.

*Arc.* The Queene was not wont to send for me.

*Mac.* The reason's to her selfe,

It will become your duty to attend her.



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*Arc.* Save you Gentlemen, what novelty  
Does the Court breath to day?

*Lisa.* None sir, the newes  
That rooke the last impression is, that you  
Purpose to leave the Kingdome, and those men  
That honour you, take no delight to heare it.

*Arc.* I have ambition to see the difference  
Of Courts, and this may spare the delights  
At home doe surfet, and the mistresse whom  
We all doe serve is fixt upon one object,  
Her beames are too much pointed, but no Countryman  
Shall make me lose your memories.

*Enter Queene, Lifimachus, Macarius, Charilla.*

*Que.* *Arcadius.*

*Mac.* Your Lordship honord me,  
I have no blessing in his absence.

*Lif.* Tis done like a pious Vncle.

*Que.* We must not  
Give any licence.

*Arc.* If your Majesty  
Would please.

*Que.* We are not pleas'd, it had become your duty,  
To have first acquainted us, ere you declar'd  
Your resolution publicke, is our Court  
Not worth your stay?

*Arc.* I humbly begge your pardon.

*Que.* Where's *Lifimachus*?

*Lif.* Your humble servant Madam.

*Que.* We shall finde  
Employment at home for you; doe not lose us.

*Arc.* Madam I then write my selfe blest on earth  
When I may doe you service.

*Que.* We would be private *Macarius.*

*Mac.* Madam you have blest me;  
Nothing but your command could interpose to  
Stay him.

*Que.* *Lifimachus*

*Lisa.* Nothing but *Lifimachus*? has she not

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Taine a philter? *Exit.*

*Que.* Nay pray be cover'd, Ceremony from you.  
Must be excus'd,

*Lisi.* It will become my duty.

*Que.* Not your love?  
I know you would not have me look upon  
Your person as a Courtier, not as favorite,  
That title were too narrow to expresse  
How we esteeme you.

*Lisi.* The least of all  
These names from you Madam, is grace enough.

*Que.* Yet here you woud not rest,

*Lisi.* Nor if you please?  
To say there is a happinesse beyond,  
And teach my ambition how to make it mine,  
Although the honours you already have  
Let fall upon your servant, exceed all  
My merit; I have a heart is studious  
To reach it with desert, and make if possible  
Your favours mine by justice, with your pardon.

*Que.* We are confident this needs no pardon fir,  
But a reward to cherish your opinion,  
And that you may keepe warme your passion,  
Know we resolve for marriage, and if  
I had another gift, beside my selfe,  
Greater, in that you should discern, how much  
My heart is fixt.

*Lisi.* Let me digest my blessing.

*Que.* But I cannot resolve when this shall be,

*Lisi.* How Madam? doe not make me dream of Heaven  
And wake me into misery, if your purpose  
Be, to immortalize your humble servant,  
Your power on earth's divine, Princes are here  
The Coppies of eternity, and create  
When they but will our happinesse.

*Que.* I shall  
Believe you mocke me in this argument,  
I have no power.

*Lisi.*



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*Lis.* How no power.

*Que.* Nor as a *Queene*.

*Lis.* I understand you not.

*Que.* I must obey your Fathers my Protector.

*Lis.* How?

*Que.* When I am absolute, *Lisimachus*,  
Our power and titles meet, before we are but  
A shadow, and to give you that were nothing,

*Lis.* Excellent *Queene*.

My love tooke no originall from state,  
Or the desire of other greatnesse,  
Above what my birth may challenge modestly,  
I love your vertues; mercenary soules  
Are taken with advancement, yo've an Empire  
Within you, better then the world, to that  
Looks my ambition.

*Que.* Tother is not fir  
To be despisd, *Cosmography* allowes  
Epire a place it's mappe, and know till I  
Possesse what I was borne to, and alone  
Doe graspe the Kingdomes Scepter, I account  
My selfe divided, he that marries me  
Shall take an absolute *Queene* to his warme bosome,  
My temples yet are naked, untill then  
Our loves can be but complements, and wishes,  
Yet very hearty ones.

*Lis.* I apprehend.

*Que.* Your Father.

*Enter Cassander, Seleucus.*

*Cas.* Madam, a Gentleman has an humble sure,

*Que.* Tis in your power to grant, you are Protector,  
I am not yet a *Queene*.

*Cas.* Hows this?

*Lis.* I shall expound her meaning.

*Queene.* Why kneele you sir?

*Sel.* Madam to reconcile two families  
That may unite, both counsells and their blood  
To serve your Crowne.

*Que.*

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*Que. Macarius, and Eubulus*

That by are inveterate malice to each other.  
It grew, as I have heard, upon the question  
Which some of either family had made,  
Which of their Fathers was the best commander:  
If we beleve our stories, they have both  
Deserved well of our state, and yet this quarrell  
Has cost too many lives, a soverey faction.

*Sel.* But Ile propound a way to plant a quiet  
And peace in both our houses, which are torne  
With their dissensions, and lose the glory  
Of their great names, my blood speaks my relation  
To *Eubulus*, and I wish my veins were emptyed  
To appease their quarre.

*Que.* Thou hast a noble soule,  
This is a charity above thy youth,  
And it flowes bravely from thee, name the way.

*Sel.* In such a desperate cause, a little streame  
Of blood might purge the foulness of their hearts  
If youle prevent a deluge.

*Que.* Be particular.

*Sel.* Let but your Majesty consent, that two  
May with their personall valour undertake  
The honour of their family, and determine  
Their difference.

*Que.* This rather will inlarge  
Their hate, and be a meanes to call more blood  
Into the streame.

*Sel.* Not if both families  
Agree, and swear.

*Que.* And who shall be the Champions.

*Sel.* I beg the honour, for *Eubulus* cause  
To be ingag'd, if any for *Macarius*,  
Worthy to wager heart with mine, accept it,  
I am confident, *Arcadius*  
For honour would direct him to his sword,  
Will not deny to stake against my life  
His owne, if you vouchsafe us priviledge.

*Que.*



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*Que.* You are the expectation and toppè boughs  
Of both your houses, it would seeme injustice,  
To allow a civill warre to cut you off,  
And your selves the instruments, besides  
You appeare a souldier, *Arcadius*  
Hath no acquaintance yet with rugged warre,  
More fit to drill a Lady then expose  
His body to such dangers: a small wound  
Ith' head may spoyle the method of his haire,  
Whose curiosity exacts more time  
Than his devotion, and who knowes but he  
May lose his riban by it in his locke,  
Deare as his Saint, with whom he would exchange  
His head, for her gay colours; then his band  
May be disorderd, and transform'd from Lace  
To Cutworke, his rich cloathes be discomplexioned  
With blood, beside the infashionable slashes,  
And at the next festivall take phyicke,  
Or put on bla ke, and mourne for his slaine breeches:  
His hands cas'd up in gloves all night, and sweate  
Pomatum, the next day may be endanger'd  
To blisters with a sword, how can he stand  
Vpon his guard, who hath fiddlers in his head,  
To which, his feet must ever be a dancing.  
Beside a falsify may spoyle his cringe,  
Or making of a legge, in which consists  
Much of his Court perfection.

*Sel.* Is this Character  
Bestow'd on him?

*Que.* It something may concerne the Gentleman,  
Whom if you please to challenge  
To dance, play on the Lute, or sing.

*Sel.* Some catch?

*Que.* He shall not want those will maintaine him  
For any summe.

*Sel.* You are my Sovereigne,  
I dare not thinke, yet I must speake somewhat,  
I shall burst else, I have no skill in jigges,

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Nor

*The Coronation.*

Nor tumbling.

*Que.* How fir?

*Sel.* Nor was I borne a Minstrell, and in this you have  
So infinitely disgraced *Arcadius*,  
But that I have heard another Character,  
And with your royall licence doe beleeeve it,  
I should not thinke him worth my killing.

*Que.* Your killing?

*Sel.* Does she not jeere me;  
I shall talke treason presently, I finde it  
At my tongues end already, this is an  
Affront, Ile leave her.

*Que.* Come backe, doe you know *Arcadius*?

*Sel.* I ha changd but little breath with him, our persons  
Admit no familiarity, we were  
Borne to live both at distance, yet I ha seene him  
Fight, and fight bravely.

*Que.* When the spirit of Wine  
Made his braine valliant he fought bravely.

*Sel.* Although he be my enemy, should any  
Of the gay flies that buzze about the Court,  
Sit to catch trouts ith' summer, tell me so,  
I darst in any presence but your owne.

*Que.* What?

*Sel.* Tell him he were not honest.

*Que.* I see *Seleucus* thou art resolute.  
And I but wrong'd *Arcadius*, your first  
Request is granted, you shall fight, and he  
That conquers be rewarded to confirme  
First place and honour to his family:  
Is it not this you plead for?

*Sel.* You are gracious.

*Que.* *Lisimachus.*

*Lisi.* Madam.

*Cas.* She has granted then?

*Sel.* With much ado.

*Cas.* I wish thy sword may open  
His wanton veines, *Macarism* is too popular,  
And has taught him to insinuate.  
But haste the confirmation of our loves,

*Que.* It shall

And



*The Coronation.*

And ripen the delights of marriage, *Selencus.*

*Exit cum, Sel.*

*Lis.* As I guest,

It cannot be too soone.

*Cas.* To morrow then we crowne her, and invest  
My sonne with Majesty, tis to my wishes,

Beget a race of Princes my *Lisimachus.*

*Lis.* First let us marry fir.

*Cas.* The brow was made

To weare a golden circle, I'm transported,  
Thou shalt rule her, and I will governe thee.

*Lis.* Although you be my Father, that will not  
Concerne my obedience, as I take it.

*Enter Philocles, Lisander, and Antigonus.*

Gentlemen, I am flurr'd to have you here.

Prepare your selves for a solemnity

Will turne the Kingdome into triumph, *Epire.*

Looke fresh to morrow, it will become your duties

In all your glory to attend the Queene

At her Coronation, she is pleased to make

The next day happy in our Calender,

My Office doth expire, and my old blood

Renewes with thought on't.

*Phi.* Hows this? *Ant.* Crown'd to morrow.

*Lis.* And he so joyfull to resigne his regency,

There's some trick in't, I doe not like these hasty

Proceedings, and whirles of state, they have commonly

As strange and violent effects; well, heaven save the Queene.

*Phi.* Heaven save the Queene say I, and send her a sprightly

Bed-fellow, for the Protector, let him pray for

Himselfe, he is lik't to have no benefit of my devotion.

*Cas.* But this doth quicken my old heart: *Lisimachus.*

There is not any step into her throne,

But is the same degree of thy owne state;

Come Gentlemen.

*Lis.* We attend your grace. *Cas.* *Lisimachus.*

*Lis.* What heretofore could happen to mankind

Was with much paine to clime to heaven, but in

*Sophias* marryage of all Queenes the best,

Heaven will come downe to earth to make me blest. *Exit*

and

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*Actus*

*The Coronation.*

*Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Arcadius, and Polidora.*

*Pol.* Indeed you shall not goe.

*Arc.* Whether?

*Pol.* To travell,

I know you see me, but to take your leave;  
But I must never yeeld to such an absence.

*Arc.* I prethee leave thy feares, I am commanded  
Toth' contrary, I wonot leave thee now.

*Pol.* Commanded by whom?

*Arc.* The Queene.

*Pol.* I am very glad, for trust me, I could thinke  
Of thy departure with no comfort, thou  
Art all the joy I have, halfe of my soule;  
But I must thanke the Queene now, for thy company,  
I prethee what could make thee so desirous  
To be abroad?

*Arc.* Onely to get an appetite  
To thee *Polidora*.

*Pol.* Then you must provoke it.

*Arc.* Nay, prethee doe not so mistake thy servant.

*Pol.* Perhaps you surfeit with my love.

*Arc.* Thy love?

*Pol.* Although I have no beauty to compare  
With the best faces, I have a heart above  
All competition.

*Arc.* Thou art jealous now;  
Come, let me take the kisse I gave thee last,  
I am so confident of thee, no lippe  
Has ravisht it from thine; I prethee come  
To Court.

*Pol.* For what?

*Arc.* There is the throne for beauty.

*Pol.* Tis safer dwelling here.

*Arc.* There's none will hurt,  
Or dare but thinke an ill to *Polidora*,  
The greatest will be proud to honour thee.  
Thy luster wants the admiration here:

There



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There thou wot shine indeed, and strike a reverence  
Into the gazer.

*Pol.* You can flatter too.

*Arc.* No praise of thee can be thought so, thy virtue  
Will deserve all, I must confesse, we Courtiers  
Doe oftentimes commend to shew our art,  
There is necessity sometimes to say,  
This Madam breaths Arabian Gummes,  
Amber and Cassia; though while we are praying,  
We wish we had no nostriles to take in  
The offensive steame of her corrupted lungs.  
Nay, some will sweare they love their Mistresse,  
Would hazard lives and fortunes, to preserve  
One of her haire brighter then *Berinices*;  
Or young *Apollos*, and yet after this,  
A favour from another toy would tempt him  
To laugh, while the Officious hangman whips  
Her head off.

*Pol.* Fine men.

*Arc.* I am none of these,  
Nay, there are women *Polidora* too  
That can doe pretty well at flatteries;  
Make men beleeve they dote, will languish for em,  
Can kisse a Jewell out of one, and dally  
A carcanet of Diamonds from another,  
Weepe intoth' bosome of a third, and make  
Him drop as many pearles; they count it nothing  
To talke a reasonable heire within ten dayes  
Out of his whole estate, and make him mad  
He has no more wealth to consume.

*Pol.* Youle teach me  
To thinke I may be flattered in your promises,  
Since you live where this art is most profest.

*Arc.* I dare not be so wicked *Polidora*,  
The Infant errors of the Court I may  
Be guilty off, but never to abuse  
So rare a goodnesse, nor indeed did ever  
Converse with any of those shames of Court,  
To practise for base ends; be confident

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My heart is full of thine, and I so deeply  
Carry the figure of my *Polidora*,  
It is not in the power of time or distance  
To cancell it, by all thats blest I love thee:  
Love thee above all women, dare invoke  
A curse when I forsake thee.

*Pol.* Let it be some  
Gentle one.

*Arc.* Teach me an oath I prethee,  
One strong enough to binde, if thou dost finde  
Any suspicion of my faith, or else  
Direct me in some horrid imprecation  
When I forsake thee, for the love of other  
Woman, may heaven reward my apostacy  
To blast my greatest happinesse on earth,  
And make all joyes abortive.

*Pol.* Revoke these hasty syllables, they carry  
To great a penalty for breach of Love  
To me, I am not worth thy suffering,  
You doe not know what beauty may invite  
Your change, what happinesse may tempt your eye  
And heart together.

*Arc.* Should all the graces of your sex conspire  
In one, and she should court me, with a dower  
Able to buy a Kingdome when I give  
My heart from *Polidora*.

*Pol.* I suspect not,  
And to requite thy constancy I swear.

*Arc.* Twere sinne to let thee waste thy breath  
I have assurance of thy noble thoughts.

*Enter a servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord, your Vncle hath beene every where  
In Court inquiring for you, his lookes speake  
Some earnest cause.

*Arc.* I am more acquainted with  
Thy vertue then to imagine thou wilt not  
Excuse me now, one kisse dismisses him  
Whose heart shall waite on *Polidora*, prethee  
Let me not wish for thy returne too often,

My



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My Father.

*Enter Nestorim, and a servant.*

*Nes.* I met *Arcadius* in strange haste, he told me  
He had beene with thee.

*Pol.* Some affaire too soone  
Ravish'd him hence, his Vncle sent for him  
You came now from Court: how looks the Queenē  
This golden morning?

*Nes.* Like a bride, her soule  
Is all on mirth, her eyes have quickning fires,  
Able to strike a spring into the earth  
In Winter.

*Pol.* Then *Lisimachus* can have  
No frost in's blood, that lives so neere her beames.

*Nes.* His politicke Father, the Protector smiles too,  
Resolve to see the Cerimony of the Queenē  
Twill be a day of state,

*Pol.* I am not well.

*Nes.* How! not well? retire then, I must returne  
My attendance is expected, *Polidora*,  
Be carefull of thy health.

*Pol.* It will concerne me.

*Exit.*

*Enter Arcadius, and Macarius.*

*Arc.* You amaze me sir.

*Mac.* Deare Nephew, if thou respect thy safety,  
My honour, or my age, remove thy selfe,  
Thy lifes in danger.

*Arc.* Mine? who's my enemy?

*Mac.* Take horse, and instantly forsake the City,  
Or else within some unsuspected dwelling,  
Obscure thy selfe, stay not to know the reason.

*Arc.* Sir, I beseech your pardon, which ich number  
Of my offences unto any, should  
Provoke this dishonorable flight?

*Mac.* I would when I petition'd for thy stay,  
I had pleaded for thy banishment, thou knowst not  
What threatens thee:

*Arc.* I would desire to know it,  
I am in no conspiracy of treason,

Have raviht no mans Mistresse, not so much  
As given the lye to any, what should meane  
Your strange and violent feares, I will not stirre  
Vntill you make me sensible I have lost  
My innocence.

*Mac.*

*The Coronation.*

*Mac.* I must not live to see  
Thy body full of wounds, it were lesse sinne  
To rippe thy Fathers marble, and fetch from  
The reverend vault his ashes, and disperse them  
By some rude windes where none should ever find  
The sacred dust, it was his legacy,  
The breath he mingled with his prayers to Heaven  
I should preserve *Arcadius*, whose fate  
He prophesied in death, would need protection,  
Thou wot disturbe his ghost, and call it to  
Affright my dreames, if thou refuse to obey me.

*Arc.* You more inflame me to inquire the cause  
Of your distraction, and youle arme me better  
Then any coward flight by acquainting me  
Whose malice aimes to kill me, good sir tell me,

*Mac.* Then prayers and teares assist me.

*Arc.* Sir. *Mac.* *Arcadius*,  
Thou art a rash young man, witnesse the spirit  
Of him that trusted me so much, I bleed,  
Till I prevent this mischiefe.

*Exit.*

*Enter Philocles, Lisander.*

*Arc.* Ha, keepe off. *Phi.* What meane you sir?

*Lisa.* We are your friends.

*Arc.* I know your faces, but  
Am not secure, I would not be betray'd.

*Lisa.* You wrong our hearts, who truly honour you.

*Arc.* They say I must be kild.

*Phi.* By whom?

*Arc.* I know not, nor woud I part with life so tamely.

*Phi.* We dare ingage ours in your quarrell, hide  
Your sword, it may beget suspicion,  
It's enough to question you.

*Arc.* I am confident,

Pray pardon me, come I despise all danger:  
Yet a deare friend of mine, my Vncle told me  
He would not see my body full of wounds.

*Lisa.* Your Vncle! this is strange.

*Arc.* Yes, my honest Vncle,

If



*The Coronation.*

If my unlucky starres have pointed me  
So dire a fate.

*Phi.* There is some strange mistake in't.

*Enter Antigonus.*

*Ant.* *Arcadius*, the Queene would speake with you,  
You must make haste.

*Arc.* Though to my death, I fly  
Vpon her summons, I give up my breath  
Then willingly, if she command it from me.

*Phi.* This does a little trouble me.

*Lisa.* I know not  
What to imagine, something is the ground  
Of this perplexity, but I hope there is not  
Any such danger as he apprehends.

*Enter Queene, Lisimachus, Macarius, Eubulus, Selencus,  
Arcadius, Ladies and attendants, Gent.*

*Que.* We have already granted to *Selencus*  
And they shall try their valour if *Arcadius*  
Have spirit in him to accept the challenge,  
Our royall word is past.

*Phi.* This is strange.

*Eub.* Madam my sonnē knew not what he asked,  
And you were cruell to consent so soone.

*Mac.* Wherein have I offended, to be rob'd  
At once of all the wealth I have, *Arcadius*  
Is part of me.

*Eub.* *Selencus* life and mine  
Are twisted on one thread, both stand or fall  
Together, hath the service for my Country  
Deserved but this reward, to be sent weeping  
To my eternall home? Wast not enough  
When I was young, to lose my blood in warres,  
But the poore remnant that is scarcely warme  
And faintly creeping through my withered veines  
Must be let out to make you sport.

*Mac.* How can  
We that shall this morne see the sacred oyle  
Fall on your virgin tresses, hope for any

D

Pro-

*The Coronation.*

Protection hereafter, when this day  
You sacrifice the blood of them that pray for you.

*Arcadius* I prethee speake thy selfe,  
It is for thee I plead.

*Enb. Selencus*, kneele  
And say thou haste repented thy rash suite;  
If ere I see thee fight, I be thus wounded,  
How will the least drop forc'd from thy veines,  
Afflict my heart.

*Mac.* Why, that's good;  
*Arcadius* speake to her; heare him Madam.

*Arc.* If you call backe this honour you have done me  
I shall repent I live, doe not perswade me  
*Selencus* thou art a noble enemy,  
And I will love thy soule though I dispaire.  
Our bodies friendly conversations

I would we were to tuggle upon some cliffe,  
Or like two prodigies ith ayre, our conflict  
Might generally be gaz'd at, and our blood  
Appease our grandsires ashes.

*Mac.* I am undone.

*Sel.* Madam, my father sayes I have offended,  
If so, I begge your pardon, but beseech you  
For your owne glory call not backe your words.

*Enb.* They are both mad.

*Que.* No more, we have resolv'd,  
And since their courage is so nobly flamed,  
This morning wee be behold the Champions  
Within the list, be not affraid, their strife  
Will stretch so farre as death, so soone as we  
Are Crown'd prepare your selves, *Selencus* and *kisses her hand.*

*Sel.* I have receiv'd another life in this high favour,  
And may lose what nature gave me.

*Que.* *Arcadius* to encourage thy young valour,  
We give thee our Fathers sword.  
Command it from our Armory; *Lisimachus*,  
To our Coronation.

*Exeunt.*

*Sel.* Ile forfeit

My



*The Coronation.*

My head for a rebellion then suffer it.

*Exit.*

*Arc.* I am circled with confusions Ile doe somewhat  
My braines and friends assist me.

*Exit.*

*Phi.* But doe you thinke theyle fight indeed ?

*Lisa.* Perhaps

Her Majesty will see about or two.

And yet tis wondrous strange, such spectacles  
Are rare ith' Court, and they were to skirmish naked  
Before her, then there might be some excuse.

There is some gimcrackes in't, the Queene is wise  
Above her yeares.

*Phi.* *Macarius* is perplext. *Enter Eubulus.*

*Lisa.* I cannot blame him, but my Lord *Eubulus*  
~~Returne~~, they are both troubled, las good men,  
But our duties are expected, we forget. *Exit Phil, Lis.*

*Eub.* I must resolve, and yet things are not ripe,  
My braines upon the torture.

*Mac.* This may quit

The hazard of his person, whose least drop  
Of blood is worth more then our families.  
My Lord *Eubulus*, I have thought a way  
To stay the young mens desperate proceedings,  
It is our cause they fight, let us beseech  
The Queene, to grant us two the priviledge  
Of duell, rather then expose their lives  
To eithers fury; it were pittie they  
Should runne upon so blacke a destiny,  
We are both old, and may be spar'd, a paire  
Of fruitlesse trees, mossie and withered trunckes,  
That fill up too much roome.

*Eub.* Most willingly,  
And I will praise her charity to allow it;  
I have not yet forgot to use a sword,  
Lets lose no time, by this act, she will licence  
Our soules to leave our bodies but a day,  
Perhaps an houre the sooner, they may live  
To doe her better service, and be friends  
When we are dead, and yet I have no hope

*The Coronation.*

This will be granted, curse upon our faction.

*Mac.* If she deny us —

*Eub.* What?

*Mac.* I woud doe somewhat —

*Eub.* There's something oth' suddaine stricke upon  
My imagination, that may secure us.

*Mac.* Name it, if no dishonour waite upon't  
To preserve them, Ile accept any danger.

*Eub.* There is no other way, and yet my heart  
Would be excus'd but tis to save his life.

*Mac.* Speake it *Enbulus*.

*Eub.* In your eare I shall,  
It shanot make a noyle if you refuse it.

*Mac.* Hum? though it stirre my blood, Ile meet *Arcadius*,  
If this preserve thee not, I must unseale  
Another mystery. *Exit.*

*Enter Queene, Lisimachus, Cassander, Charilla, Lisander,  
'Philocles, Antigonus.*

*Que.* We owe to all your loves and will deserve  
At least by our indeavours that none may  
This day repent their prayers, my Lord Protector.

*Cas.* Madam I have no  
Such title now, and am blest to lose  
That name so happily, I was but trusted  
With a glorious burden.

*Que.* You have prov'd  
Your selfe our faithfull counsellor, and must still  
Protect our growing state, a Kingdomes Scepter  
Weighs downe a womans arme, this crowne sits heavy  
Vpon my brow already, and we know  
There's something more then mettle in this wreath,  
Of shining glory, but your faith, and counsell,  
That are familiar with mysteries,  
And depths of state, have power to make us fit  
For such a bearing, in which both you shall  
Doe loyall service, and reward your duties.

*Cas.* Heaven preserve your Highnesse.

*Que.* But yet my Lords and Gentlemen let none

*Mistake*



*The Coronation.*

Mistake me, that because I urge your wisdomes,  
I shall grow carelesse, and impose on you  
The managing of this great Province, no,  
We will be active too, and as we are  
In dignity above your persons, so,  
The greatest portion of the difficulties  
We call to us, you in your severall places  
Relevving us with your experience,  
Observing in your best directions  
All modesty, and distance, for although  
We are but young, no action shall forfeit  
Our royall priviledge, or encourage any  
Too unreverent boldnesse, as it will become  
Our honour to consult, ere v<sup>e</sup> determine  
Of the most necessary things of state,  
So we are sensible of a checke,  
But in a brow, that faucily controules  
Our action, presuming on our yeares  
As few, or frailty of our sex, that head  
Is not secure that dares our power or justice.

*Phi.* She has a brave spirit, looke how the Protector  
Growes pale already.

*Que.* But I speake to you  
Are perfect in obedience, and may spare  
This theame, yet 'twas no immateriall  
Part of our character, since I desire  
All should take notice, I have studied  
The knowledge of my selfe, by which I shall  
Better distinguish of your worth and persons  
In your relations to us.

*Lisa.* This language  
Is but a threatning to some body

*Que.* But we misse some, that use not to absent  
Their duties from us, where's *Macarius*?

*Cas.* Retir'd to grieve, your Majesty hath given;  
Consent *Arcadius* should enter List  
To day with young *Selucus*.

*Que.* We purpose

*Enter Gentlemen*

D 3

They

*The Coronation.*

They shall proceed, where he?

*Phil*, A Gentleman belonging to *Selencus*, that gives notice  
He is prepar'd, and waites your royall pleasure,

*Que*. He was compos'd for action, give notice  
To *Arcadius*, and admit the challenger,  
Let other Princes boast their gaudy tilting,  
And mockery of battles, but our triumph  
Is celebrated with true noble valour,

*Enter Selucus, Arcadius at severall doores, their pages  
before them bearing their Targets.*

Two young men spirited enough to have  
Two Kingdomes stak'd upon their swords, *Lisimachus*  
Doe not they excellently become their armes,  
Twere pittie but they should doe something more  
Then wave their plumes, *a shout within.*  
What noyse is that?

*Enter Macarius and Eubulus.*

*Mac*. The peoples joy to know us reconcild,  
Is added to the Iubile of the day,  
We have no more a faction but one heart,  
Peace flow in every bosome.

*Eub*. Throw away  
These instruments of death, and like two friends  
Imbrace by our example.

*Que*. This unfain'd?

*Mac*. By our duties to your selfe deare Madam  
Command them not advance, our houses from  
This minnte are incorporated, happy day  
Our eyes at which before revenge looke forth,  
May cleare suspicion, oh my *Arcadius*!

*Eub*. We have found a neerer way to friendship Madam,  
Then by exposing them to fight for us.

*Que*. If this be faithfull our desires are blest,  
We had no thought to waste, but reconcile  
Your blood, this was, and we did prophesie  
This happy chance, spring into either bosome,  
*Arcadius* and *Selencus*, what can now  
Be added to this dayes felicity;

Yes,



*The Coronation.*

Yes, there is something, is there not my Lord?  
While we are Virgin *Queene*.

*Ca.* Ha, that string  
Doth promise musick.

*Que.* I am yet my Lords  
Your single joy, and when I looke upon,  
What I have tooke, to manage the great care  
Of this most flourishing Kingdome, I incline  
To thinke, I shall doe justice to my selfe,  
If I chose one, whose strength and vertue may  
Assist my undertaking, thinke you Lords,  
A husband would not helpe?

*Lisa.* No question Madam,  
And he that you purpose to make so blest  
Must needs be worthy of our humblest duty,  
It is the generall vote.

*Que.* We will not then  
Trouble Embassadors to treat with any  
Princes abroad, within our owne dominion,  
Fruitefull in honour, we shall make our choyce;  
And that we may not keepe you over long  
In the imagination, from this circle, we  
Have purpose to elect one, whom I shall  
Salute a King and Husband.

*Lisa.* Now my Lord *Lisimachus*.

*Que.* Nor shall we in this action be accused  
Of rashnesse, since the man we shall declare  
Deserving our affection, hath beene carefully  
In our opinion, which had reason first  
To guide it, and his known nobility  
Long married to our thoughts, will justify  
Our faire election.

*Phi.* *Lisimachus* blushes.

*Ca.* Direct our duties Madam to pray for him.

*Que.* *Arcadius* you see from whence we come,  
Pray lead us backe, you may ascend.

*She comes from the State.*

*Ca.* Hows this? o're reach'd?

*Arc.*

*The Coronation.*

*Arc.* Madam be charitab'e to your humblest creature,  
Doc not reward the heart, that falls in duty  
Beneath your feete, with making me the burden  
Of the Court mirth, a mockery for Pages,  
'Twere treason in me but to thinke you meane thus.

*Que.* *Arcadius* you must refuse my love,  
Or shame this Kingdome.

*Phi.* Is the winde in that corner?

*Cas.* I shall runne mad *Lisimachus*.

*Lisi.* Sir, containe your selfe.

*Sel.* Is this to be beleev'd?

*Mac.* What dreame is this?

*Pbi.* He kisses her, now by this day I am glad on't.

*Lisa.* Marke the Protector.

*Ant.* Let him fret his heart strings.

*Que.* Is the day cloudy on the suddaine?

*Arc.* Gentlemen

It was not my ambition, I durst never  
Aspire so high in thought, but since her Majesty  
Hath pleas'd to call me to this honour, I  
Will study to be worthy of her grace,  
By whom I live.

*Que.* The Church to morrow shall  
Confirm our marriage, noble *Lisimachus*  
Weele finde out other wayes to recompence  
Your love to us, set forward, come *Arcadius*.

*Mac.* It must be so, and yet let me confider,

*Cas.* He insults already, policy assist me.  
To breake his necke.

*Lis.* Who would trust woman?  
Lost in a paire of minutes, lost, how bright  
A morning rose, but now, and now tis night?

*Exeunt.*

*Actus.*



*The Coronation.*

*Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Polidora, and a Servant.*

*Pol.* Oh where shall Virgins looké for faith hereafter?  
If he prove false, after so many vowes?  
And yet if I consider, he was tempted  
Above the strength of a young Lover, two  
Such glorious courting his acceptance, were  
Able to make disloyalty no sinne,  
At least not seeme a fault, a Lady first,  
Whose very lookes would thaw a man more frozen  
Then the *Alps*, quicken a soule more dead then *Winter*,  
Adde to her beauty and perfection,  
That she's a Queene, and brings with her a Kingdome  
Able to make a great mind forfeit heavens  
What could the frailty of *Arondine*  
Suggest to unspirite him so much, as not  
To fly to her embraces, you were present  
When she declar'd her selfe.

*Ser.* Yes Madam.

*Pol.* Tell me,  
Did not he make a pause, when the faire Queene  
A full temptation stood him?

*Ser.* Very little  
My judgement could distinguish, she did no sooner  
Propound, but he accepted.

*Pol.* That was ill,  
He might with honour stand one or two minutes,  
Me thinkes it should have stard him a little,  
To have rememberd me, I have deserv'd  
At least a cold thought, well pray give it him.

*Ser.* I shall. *Pol.* When?

*Ser.* Instantly. *Pol.* Not so,  
But take a time when his joy swels him most,  
When his delights are high and ravishing,  
When you perceive his soule dance in his eyes,

E.

When

*The Coronation.*

When she that must be his, hath drest her beauty  
With all her pride, and sends a thousand Cupids  
To call him to the tasting of her lippe;  
Then give him this, and tell him while I live,  
Ile pray for him.

*Ser. I shall.* *Exit.*

*Enter Cassander and Lysimachus.*

*Cas.* There is no way but death, way.

*Lis.* That's blacke and horrid, youe so consider  
Consider sir it was her sinne, not his;  
I cannot accuse him, what man could carry  
A heart so frozen, not to melt at such a smile  
A glorious flame, who could not flye so fast  
A happiness?

*Cas.* Have you ambition  
To be a tame fool? a free vast an injury  
And not revenge it? make me not suspect  
Thy Mother for this sufferance, my Sonne.

*Lis.* Pray heare me sir.

*Cas.* Heare a patient gully,  
A property, thou hast no blood of mine,  
If this affront provoke thee not, how canst  
Be charitable to thy selfe, and let him live  
To glory in thy shame? Not is he innocent;  
He had before crept slyly into her boldome  
And practised thy dishonour.

*Lis.* You begin to offend me sir.

*Cas.* How else could she be guilty  
Of such contempt of thee? and in the eye  
Of all the Kingdome, they conspir'd this staine,  
When they had cunning meetings, shall by love  
And blooming hopes be scattered thus, and Lysimachus  
Stand idle gazer?

*Lis.* What sir will his death  
Advantage us, if she be false to me?  
So irreligious, and so touch her person  
Paule we may be observed.

*Enter*



*The Coronation.*

*Enter Philocles and Lisander.*

*Lisa.* 'Tis the Protector  
And his sonne.

*Phi.* Alas poore Gentleman, I pittie  
His neglect, but am not sorry for his Father.

*Phi.* 'Tis a strange turne,

*Phi.* The whirligigs of women.

*Lisa.* Your graces servant.

*Cas.* I am yours Gentlemen,  
And should be happy to deserve your loves.

*Phi.* Now he can flatter.

*Lisa.* In a fir, to inlarge your sufferings, I have  
A heart doth wish  
The Queene had knowne better to reward  
Your love and merit.

*Lisa.* If you would expresse  
Your love to me, pray doe not mention it,  
I must obey my fate.

*Phi.* She will be marryed  
To other Gentleman for certaine then?

*Cas.* I hope youle wish em joy.

*Phi.* Indeed I will fir.

*Lisa.* Your graces servant.

*Cas.* We are growne

Ridiculous, the pastime of the Court :

Here comes another.

*Enter Seleneus.*

*Sel.* Wheres your sonne my Lord?

*Cas.* Like a neglected servaut of his Mistresse.

*Sel.* I would aske him a question.

*Cas.* What?

*Sel.* Whether the Queene

As is reported, lov'd him, he can tell

Whether she promist what they talke of, marriage,

*Cas.* I can relolve you that fir.

*Sel.* She did promise?

*Cas.* Yes.

*Sel.* Then shees a woman, and your sonne;

*Cas.* What?

*Sel.* Not worthy his blood, and expectation,  
If he be calme.

*The Coronation*

*Cas.* There's no opposing destiny.

*Sel.* I would cut the throat.

*Cas.* Whose throat?

*Sel.* The destinies, that's all, your pardon sir,  
I am *Seleucus* still, a poore shadow

Oth' world, a walking picture, it concernes

Not me, I am forgotten by my starres.

*Cas.* The Queene with more discretion might ha chosen  
Thee.

*Sel.* Whom?

*Cas.* Thee *Seleucus*.

*Sel.* Me? I cannot dance, and fricke with due activity,  
My body is lead, I have too much phleame, what should  
I doe with a Kingdome? no *Arcadius*

Becomes the cushion, and can please, yet setting

Aside the trickes that Ladies of blood looke at,

Another man might make a shift to weare

Rich cloathes, sit in the chaire of state, and nod,

Dare venture on discourse, that does not trench

On complement, and thinke the study of armes

And arts, more commendable in a Gentleman

Than any galliard.

*Cas.* *Arcadius*,

And you were reconcil'd.

*Sel.* We? yes, oh yes,

But tis not manners now to say we are friends,

At our equality there had beene reason,

But now, subjection is the word.

*Cas.* They are not

Yet marryed.

*Sel.* I make no oath upon't,

My Lord *Lisimachus*,

A word, you're not be angry if I love you,

May not a batchellor be made a cuckold?

*Lis.* How sir?

*Cas.* *Lisimachus*, this Gentleman

Is worth our embrace, hees spirited,

And may be usefull.

*Sel.* Harke you, can you tell

Wheres



*The Coronation.*

Where's the best Dancing-master? and you mean  
To rise at Court, practise to caper, farewell  
The noble science, that makes wo<sup>r</sup>ke for cunlers,  
It will be out of fashion to weare swords,  
Masques, and devices welcome, I salute you,  
Is it not pittie any division  
Should be heard out of Musicke? Oh it will be  
An excellent age of crotchets; and of Canters.  
Buy Capitaines that like fookes will spend your blood  
Out of your Country, you will be of lesse  
Use then your feathers, if you returne unman'd  
You shall be beaten soone to a new march,  
When you shall thinke it a discretion  
To sell your glorious buffes to buy fine pumps,  
And pantables, this is I hope no treason.

*Enter Arcadius leading the Queen, Charia, Eubulus*

*Lisander, Philocks, Polidora, servants.*

*Cas.* Wot stay *Lisimachus*?

*Lis.* Yes sir,

And shew a patience above her injury.

*Arc.* This honour is too much, Madam assume  
Your place, and let *Arcadius* waite still:  
Tis happinesse enough to be your servant.

*Cas.* Now he dissembles.

*Que.* Sir you must sit.

*Arc.* I am obedient.

*Que.* This is not musicke  
Sprightly enough, it feeds the soule with melancholy.  
How sayes *Arcadius*?

*Arc.* Give me leave to thinke  
There is no harmony but in your voyce,  
And not an accent of your heavenly tongue,  
But strikes me into rapture, I incline  
To thinke the tale of *Orpheus* no fable,  
Tis possible he might inchant the Rockes,  
And charme the Forrest, soften hell, hell it selfe  
With his commanding Lute, it is no miracle  
To what you worke, whose very breath conveys

*The Coronation.*

The hearer into heaven, how at your lips,  
Day winds gather perfumes, proudly glide away,  
To disperse sweetnesse round about the world.

*Sel.* Fine stufte.

*Que.* You cannot flatter!

*Arc.* Not if I should say

Nature had plac'd you here the creatures wonder,  
And her owne spring, from which all excellence  
On earths deriv'd, and copyed forth, and when  
The character of faire, and good in others  
Is quite worne out, and lost, looking on you  
It is supplide, and you alone made morrall  
To feed and keepe alive all beauty.

*Sel.* Ha, ha, can you indure it Gentlemen?

*Lisa.* What doe you meane?

*Sel.* Nay aske him what he meanes, mine is a downe  
Right laugh.

*Que.* Well fir proceed.

*Arc.* At such bright eies the stars do light themselves,  
At such a forehead Swans renew their white,  
From such a lip the morning gathers blushes.

*Sel.* The morning is more modest, then thy prayes,  
What a thing does he make her?

*Arc.* And when you fly to heaven & leave this world  
No longer maintenance of goodnesse from you,  
Then Poetry shall lose all use with us,  
And be no more, since nothing in your absence  
Is left, that can be worthy of a Verse.

*Sel.* Ha, ha.

*Que.* Whose that?

*Sel.* Twas I Madam.

*Arc.* *Selencus*?

*Cas.* Ha?

*Sel.* Yes fir, 'twas I that laugh'd.

*Arc.* At what?

*Sel.* At nothing.

*Lisa.* Containe your selfe *Silencus*.

*Emb.* Are you mad?

*Que.*



*The Coronation.*

*Que.* Have you ambition to be punished fir?

*Sel.* I need not, twas punishment  
Enough to heare him make an Idoll of you, he left  
Out the commendation of your patience, I was a little  
Mov'd in my nature to heare his sodomontados, and  
Make a monster of his Miltresse, which I pittied first,  
But seeing him proceed, I guesst he brought you  
Mirth with his inventions, and so made bold to laugh at it.

*Que.* You are saucy,  
Weele place you where you shannot be so merry,  
Take him away.

*Lisa.* Submit your selfe

*Arc.* Let me plead for his pardon,

*Sel.* I woud not owe my life so poorely, beg thy owne  
When you are King you cannot bribe your destiny.

*Eub.* Good Madam heare me, I feare he is distracted,  
Brave boy, thou should'st be master of a foule  
Like his: thy honours more concernd.

*Sel.* 'Tis charity,  
A way wo' mee, boy Madam?

*Cas.* He has a daring spirit. *Exeunt Sel. Eub. Cas.*

*Arc.* These and a thousand more affronts I must  
Expect: your favours draw them all upon me;  
In my first state I had no enemies,  
I was secure while I did grow beneath  
This expectation, humble valleyes thrive with  
Their bosomes full of flowers, when the hills melt  
With lightning, and rough anger of the clouds,  
Let me retire.

*Que.* And can Arcadius

At such a breath be moved, I had opinion  
Your courage durst have stood a tempest for  
Our love, can you for this incline to leave  
What other Princes should in vaine have sued for?  
How many Lovers are in Epire now  
Would throw themselves on danger, not expect  
One enemy, but empty their owne veines,  
And thinke the losse of all their blood rewarded,

To

*The Coronation*

To have one smile of us when they are dying?  
And shall this murmure shake you?

*Arc.* Not deare Madam, I have no other life but this  
My life is such a poore despised thing,  
In value your least graces, that  
To lose it were to make my selfe a victory,  
It is not for my selfe I feare: the envy  
Of others cannot fasten wound in me  
Greater, then that your goodnesse should be check'd  
So daringly.

*Que.* Let not those thoughts afflict thee  
While we have power to correct the offences  
*Arcadius* be mine, this shall confirme it.

*Arc.* I shall forget  
And lose my way to heaven, that touch had borne  
Enough to have restor'd me, and infused  
A spirit of a more celestiall nature,  
After the tedious absence of my soule,  
Oh blesse me not too much, one smile a day  
Would stretch my life to mortality,  
Poets that wrap divinity in tales,  
Looke here, and give your coppies forth of angels,  
What blessing can remaine?

*Que.* Our Marryage.

*Arc.* Place then some horrors in the way  
For me, not you to passe, the journeys end  
Holds out such glories to me, I should thinke  
Hell but a poore degree of suffering for it,  
Whats that some petition, a Letter to me.

*You had a Polidora, shee says all.*

Ith' minute when my vessels new lanch'd forth,  
With all my pride and filken winges about me  
I strike upon a Rocke: what power can save me?  
You had a *Polidora*, theres a name  
Kil'd with grieve I can so soone forget her

*Ser.* She did impose on me this service fir,  
And while she lives she sayes shee pray for you.

*Arc.* Shee lives

Thats



*The Coronation.*

Thats well, and yet twere better, for my fame,  
And honour she were dead, what fate hath plac'd me  
Vpon this scarefull precipice?

*Ser.* Hees troubled,

*Arc.* I must resolve, my faith is violated  
Already, yet poore loving *Polidora*  
Will pray for me, she sayes, to thinke she can  
Render me hated to my selfe, and every  
Thought's a tormentor, let me then be just.

*Que. Arcadius.*

*Arc.* That voyce prevailes agen, oh *Polidora*,  
Thou must forgive *Arcadius*, I dare not  
Turne rebell to a Princeesse, I shall love  
Thy vertue, but a Kingdome has a charme  
To excuse our frailty, dearest Madam.

*Que.* Now set forward,

*Arc.* To perfect all our joyes.

*Enter Macarius, and a Bishop, Casander.*

*Mac.* Ile fright their glories,

*Cas.* By what meanes?

*Mac.* Observe.

*Arc.* Our good Vncle, welcome.

*Que.* My Lord *Macarius* we did want your person,  
There's something in our joyes wherein you share.

*Mac.* This you intend your highnesse wedding day.

*Que.* We are going.

*Mac.* Save you labour

I have brought a Priest to meet you.

*Arc.* Reverend Father.

*Que.* Meete us, why?

*Mac.* To tell you that you must not marry.

*Cas.* Didst thou heare that *Lisimachus*?

*Lisi.* And wonder what will follow.

*Que.* We must not marry.

*Bish.* Madam tis a rule

First made in heaven, and I muh needs declare  
You and *Arcadius* must tie no knot  
Of man and wife.

F

*Arc.*

*The Coronation.*

*Arc.* Is my Vncle mad?

*Que.* Ioy has transported him,  
Or age has made him dote, *Macarius*  
Provoke us not too much, you will presume  
Above our mercy.

*Mac.* Ile discharge my duty,  
Could your frowne strike me dead, my Lord you know  
Whose character this is.

*Cas.* It is *Theodosius*.  
Your graces Father.

*Bis.* I am subscrib'd a witnesse.

*Phi.* Vpon my life 'tis his!

*Mac.* Feare not, Ile crosse this match.

*Cas.* Ile blesse thee for't.

*Arc.* Vncle dee know what you doe, or what we are  
Going to finish, you will not breake the necke of my glorious  
Fortune, now my footes ith' stirrups and mounting,  
Throw me over the saddle, I hope youle let one  
Be a King, Madam 'tis as you say,  
My Vncle is something craz'd, there is a worne  
In's braine, but I beseech you pardon him, he is  
Not the first of your counsell, that has talk'd  
Idly, dee heare my Lord Bishop, I hope  
You have more religion then to joyne with him  
To undoe me.

*Bis.* Not I sir, but I am commanded by oath,  
And conscience to speake truth.

*Arc.* If your truth should doe me any harme, I shall never  
Be in charity with a Croziers staffe, looke too't.

*Que.* My youngest Brother,

*Cas.* Worse and worse, my braines.

*Exit.*

*Mac.* Deliver to me an Infant with this writing,  
To which this reverend Father is a witnesse.

*Lisa.* This he whom we so long thought dead, a childe.

*Que.* But what should make my father to trust him  
To your concealement? give abroad his death, and bury  
An empty coffin?

*Mac.* A jealousie he had

Vpon



*The Coronation.*

Vpon *Cassander*, whose ambitious braine  
He fear'd would make no conscience to depose  
His sonne, to make *Lisimachus* King of *Epire*.

*Que.* He made no scruple to expose me then  
To any danger?

*Mac.* He secur'd you Madam  
By an earely engagement of your affection  
To *Lisimachus*, exempt this testimony,  
Had he beene *Arcadius*, and my Nephew  
I needed not obtrude him on the state,  
Your Love and marriage had made him King  
Without my trouble, and sav'd that ambition  
There was necessity to open now  
His birth, and title.

*Phi.* *Demetrius* alive.

*Arc.* What riddles are these, whom do they talk of?

*Oms.* Congratulate your returne to life, and honor,  
And as becomes us, with one voyce salute you  
*Demetrius* King of *Epire*.

*Mac.* I am no Vncle, sir, this is your sister,  
I should have suffered incest to have kept you  
Longer ith' darke, love, and be happy both,  
My trust is now discharg'd.

*Lisa.* And we rejoyce.

*Arc.* But doe not mooke me Gentlemen,  
May I be bold upon your words to say  
I am Prince *Theodosius* sonne.

*Mac.* The King.

*Arc.* Youle justifie it?

Sister I am very glad to see you.

*Sep.* I am to finde a brother, and resigne my glory,  
My triumph is my shame.

*Exe.*

*Enter Cassander.*

*Cas.* Thine eare *Lisimachus*.

*Arc.* Gentlemen I owe  
Vnto your loves, as large acknowledgement  
As to my birth for this great honour, and  
My study shall be equall to be thought

*The Coronation.*

Worthy of both.

*Cas.* Thou art turn'd Marble.

*Lisi.* There will be the lesse charge for my monument.

*Cas.* This must not be, fit fast young King.

*Exit.*

*Lisa.* Your sister sir is gone.

*Arc.* My sister should have beene my Bride, that name  
Put me in minde of *Polidora*, ha?

*Lisander, Philocles, Gentlemen,*

If you will have me thinke your hearts allow me

*Theodosius* sonne, oh quickly snatch some wings,

Expresse it in your haste to *Polidora*,

Tell her what title is new dropt from Heaven

To make her rich, onely created for me,

Give her the ceremony of my Queene,

With all the state that may become our Bride

Attend her to this throne; are you not there?

Yet stay, tis too much pride to send for her,

Weele goe our selve, no honour is enough

For *Polidora*, to redeeme our fault

Salute her gently from me, and upon

Your knee, present her with this Diademe,

Tis our first gift, tell her *Demetrius* followes

To be her guest, and give himsele a servant

To her chaste bosome, bid her stretch her heart

To meet me, I am lost in joy and wonder.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Cassander, Eubulus, Soldier.*

*Cas.* **VV** Heres the Captaine of the Castle?

*Sol.* Heele attend your honours presently.

*Cas.* Give him knowledge we expect him.

*Sol.* I shall my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Cas.* He is my creature, feare not,  
And shall runne any ccurse that we propos'd.

*Emb.*



*The Coronation.*

**Eub.** My Lord, I like the substance of your plot;  
Tis promising, but matters of this consequence  
Are not so easily perfect, and it does  
Concerne our heads to build upon secure  
Principles, though *Selmon*, I confesse,  
Carry a high, and daring spirit in him,  
Tis hard to thrust upon the state new settled  
Any impostor, and we know not yet  
Whether heele undertake to play the Prince;  
Or if he should accept it, with what cunning  
He can behave himselfe.

**Cas.** My Lord, affaires  
Of such a glorious nature, are halfe finish'd  
When they beginne with confidence.

**Eub.** Admit  
He want no art, nor courage, it must rest  
Vpon the people to receive his title,  
And with what danger their uncertaine breath  
May flatter ours, *Demetrius* scarcely warme  
In the Kings seate, I may suspect.

**Cas.** That reason  
Makes for our part, for if it be so probable,  
That young *Demetrius* should be living, why  
May not we worke them to beleve *Leontatus*  
The eldest sonne was by some tricke preserv'd  
And now would claime his owne: there were two sons,  
Who in their Fathers life we supposed dead,  
May not we finde a circumstance to make  
This seeme as cleare as t'other, let the vulgar  
Be once possesst, wee'll carry *Ephe* from  
*Demetrius*, and the world.

**Eub.** I could be pleas'd  
To see my sonne a King.

*Enter Polonius.*

The Captaines here.

**Pol.** I waite your Lordships pleasure.

**Cas.** We come to visit your late prisoner;  
I will not doubt, but you intreate him fairely.

*The Coronation.*

He will deserve it for himselfe, and you  
Be fortunate in any occasion  
To have exprest your service.

*Pol.* Sir, the knowledge  
Of my honourable Lord his Father, will  
Instruct me to behave my selfe with all  
Respects becomming me, to such a sonne.

*Cas.* These things will least  
Obleige you, but how beares he his restraints?

*Pol.* As one whose soule's above it.

*Eub.* Patiently?

*Pol.* With contempt rather of the great command  
Which made him prisoner, he will talke sometimes  
So strangely to himselfe..

*Eub.* Hee's here.

*Enter Selimus.*

*Sel.* Why was I borne to be a subject? 'tis  
Soone answer'd, sure my Father was no Prince,  
Thats all, the same ingredience use to make  
A man, as active, though not royall blood  
Went to my composition, and I  
Was gotten with as good a will perhaps,  
And my birth cost my mother as much sorrow.  
As I had beene borne an Emperour.

*Cas.* While ~~blooke~~  
Vpon him, something in his face presents  
A King indeed.

*Eub.* He does resemble much  
Theodosius too.

*Cas.* Whose sonne we would pretend him,  
This will advance our plot,

*Sel.* Tis but a name,  
And meere opinion, that preferres one man  
Above another, Ile imagine then  
I am a Prince, or some brave thing on earth,  
And see what followes, but it must not be  
My single voyce will carry it, the name  
Of King must be attended with a troope



*The Coronation.*

Of acclamations, on whose ayrie wings  
He mounts, and once exalted threatens Heaven,  
And all the starres: how to acquire this noyse,  
And be the thing I talke of, men have rise  
From a more cheape nobility to Empires,  
From darke originalls, and sordid blood,  
Nay some that had no fathers, sons of the earth,  
And flying people, have aspir'd to Kingdomes,  
Made nations tremble, any have practis'd frownes  
To awe the world, their memory is glorious,  
And I would hugge them in their shades, but whats  
All this to me, that am I know not what,  
And lesse in expectation?

*Pol.* Are you serious?

*Cas.* Will you assist, and runne a fate with us.

*Pol.* Command my life, I owe it to your favour.

*Sel.* *Arcadius* was once as farre from being  
As I, and had we not so cunningly  
Beene reconcil'd, or one, or both had gone  
To seeke our fortunes in another world,  
Whats the device now? If my death be next,  
The summons shall not make me oncelooke pale.

*Cas.* Chide your too vaine suspitions, we bring  
A life, and liberty, with what else can make  
Thy ambition happie, th'ast a glorious flame  
We come to advance it.

*Sel.* How?

*Cas.* Have but a will,  
And be what thy owne thoughts dare prompt thee to,  
A King.

*Sel.* You doe not mocke me Gentlemen,  
You are my father sir.

*Eub.* This minute shall  
Declare it my *Selencus*, our hearts swel'd  
With joy, with duty rather, oh my boy!

*Sel.* Whats the mistery?

*Pol.* You must be a King.

*Cas.* *Selencus*, say thou art too incredulous,

Let :

*The Coronation.*

Let not our faith, and study to exalt thee,  
Be so rewarded,

*Emb.* I pronounce thee King  
Vnlesse thy spirit be turn'd coward, and  
Thou faint to accept it,

*Sel.* King of what?

*Cas.* Of *Epire*.

*Sel.* Although the *Queen* since she sent me hither  
Were gone to Heaven I know not how  
That title could devolve to me;

*Cas.* We have  
No *Queene*, since he that should have marryed her,  
Is prov'd her youngest brother, and now King  
In his owne title.

*Sel.* Thank you Gentlemen,  
There's hope for me.

*Cas.* Why, you dare fight with him  
And need be, for the Kingdome.

*Sel.* With *Arcadius*,  
If youle make stakes, my life against his crowne,  
Ile fight with him, and you, and your fine sonne,  
And all the Courtiers one after another.

*Cas.* 'T wonot come to that.

*Sel.* I am of your Lordships minde, so fare you well

*Cas.* Yet stay and heare—

*Sel.* What? that you have betraide me,  
Doe, tell your King, my life is growne a burden,  
And Ile confesse, and make your soules looke pale,  
To see how nimble mine shall leape this battlement  
Of flesh, and dying, laugh at your poore malice,

*Omnes.* No more, long live *Leonatus* King of *Epire*.

*Sel.* *Leonatus*, who's that?

*Cas.* Be bold and be a King, our braines have beene  
Working to raise you to this height, here are  
None but friends, dare you but call your selfe  
*Leonatus*, and but justifie with confidence  
What weele proclaime you, if we doe not bring  
The Crowne to your head, we will forfeit ours.

*Emb.*



*The Coronation.*

*Eub.* The state is in distraction, *Arcadius*  
Is prov'd a King, there was an elder brother,  
If you dare but pronounce, you are the same,  
Forget you are my sonne.

*Pol.* These are no trifles, sir, all is plotted  
To assure your greatnesse, if you will be wise,  
And take the faire occasion that's presented.

*Sel.* *Arcadius*, you say, is lawfull King,  
And now to depose him, you would make me  
An elder brother, is't not so?

*Cas.* Most right.

*Sel.* Nay, right or wrong, if this be your true meaning.

*Omnes.* Vpon our lives.

*Sel.* Ile venture mine, but with your pardon,  
Whose braine was this? from whom tooke this plot life?

*Eub.* My Lord *Cassander*.

*Sel.* And you are of his minde? and you? and thinke  
This may be done?

*Eub.* The destinies shall not crosse us, if you have  
Spirit to undertake it.

*Sel.* Vndertake it?  
I am not us'd to complement, Ile owe  
My life to you, my fortunes to your Lordship,  
Compose me as you please, and when y'ave made  
Me what you promise, you shall both divide  
Me equally, one word my Lord, I had rather  
Live in the prison still, then be a propensity  
To advance his politicke ends.

*Eub.* Have no suspicion.

*Cas.* So, so, I see *Demetrius* heeles already  
Trip'd up, and Ile dispatch him out oth' way,  
Which gone, I can depose this at my leasure  
Being an Impostor, then my sonne stands faire,  
And may peece with the Princeesse, we lose time,  
What thinke you, if we first surprize the Court,  
While you command the Castle, we shall curbe  
All opposition.

*Eub.* Let's proclaime him first.

G

*The Coronation.*

I have some faction, the people love me,  
They gain'd to us, wee'll fall upon the Court.

*Cas.* Vnlesse *Demetrius* yeeld himselfe he bleeds.

*Sel.* Who dares call treason sinne, when it succeeds?

*Exeunt Omnes*

*Enter Septia and Charilla.*

*Cha.* Madam, you are too passionate, and lose  
The greatnesse of your soule, with the expence  
Of too much griefe, for that which providence  
Hath eas'd you of, the burden of a state  
Above your tender bearing.

*Sop.* That's a foole,  
And canst not reach the spirit of a Lady,  
Borne great as I was, and made onely lesse  
By a too cruell destiny, above  
Our tender bearing? what goes richer to  
The composition of man, then ours?  
Our soule as free, and spacious, our heart's  
As great, our will as large, each thought as active,  
And in this onely man more proud then wee,  
That would have us lesse capable of Empire,  
But search the stories, and the name of Queene  
Shines bright with glory, and some precedents  
Above mans imitation.

*Cha.* I grant it  
For the honour of our sex, nor have you, Madam,  
By any weakenesse forfeited command,  
He that succeeds, in justice, was before you,  
And you have gain'd more in a royall brother  
Then you could lose by your resigne of Empire.

*Sop.* This I allow *Charilla*, I ha done;  
Tis not the thought I am depos'd afflicts me,  
At the same time I feele a joy to know  
My Brother living: no, there is another  
Wound in me above cure.

*Cha.* Vertue forbid.

*Sop.* Canst finde me out a Surgeon for that?

*Cha.* For what?

*Sop.*



*The Coronation.*

*Sop.* My bleeding fame,

*Cha.* Oh doe not injure  
Your owne cleare innocence.

*Sop.* Doe not flatter me,  
I have beene guilty of an act, will make  
All love in women questioned, is not that  
A blot upon a Virgins name? my birth  
Cannot extenuate my shame, I am  
Become the staine of *Eptre*.

*Cha.* Tis but  
Your owne opinon, Madam, which presents  
Something to fright your selfe, which cannot  
Be in the same shape so horrid to our sense,

*Sop.* Thou woud'st but canst not appeare ignorant,  
Did not the Court, nay, the whole Kingdome, take  
Notice I lov'd *Lisimachus*?

*Cha.* True Madam,

*Sop.* No. I was false  
Though counfeld by my Father to affect him,  
I had my politicke ends upon *Cassander*,  
To be absolute Queene, flattering his son with hopes  
Of love and marriage, when that very day  
I blush to thinke I wrong'd *Lisimachus*,  
That noble Gentleman, but heaven punish'd me;  
For though to know *Demetrius* was a blessing,  
Yet who will not impure it my dishonour.

*Cha.* Madam, you yet may recompence *Lisimachus*,  
If you affect him now, you were not false  
To him whom then you lov'd not, if you can  
Finde any gentle passion in your soule  
To entertaine his thought, no doubt his heart,  
Though sad, retaines a noble will to meet it,  
His love was firme to you, and cannot be  
Vnrooted with one storme,

*Sop.* He will not sure  
Trust any language from her tongue that mock'd him,  
Although my soule doth weepe for't, and is punish'd  
To love him above the world.

*The Coronation.*

*Enter Lifimachus.*

*Cha.* Hees here  
As fate would have him reconcild, be free,  
And speake your thoughts.

*Lifi.* If Madam I appeare  
Too bold, your charity will signe my pardon:  
I heard you were not well, which made me haste  
To pay the duty of an humble visite.

*Sop.* You doe not mocke me sir.

*Lifi.* I am confident  
You thinke me not so lost to manners, in  
The knowledge of your person, to bring with me  
Such rudenesse, I have nothing to present,  
But a heart full of wishes for your health,  
And what else may be added to your happinesse.

*Sop.* I thought you had beene sensible.

*Lifi.* How Madam?

*Sop.* A man of understanding, can you spend  
One prayer for me, remembring the dishonour  
I have done *Lifimachus*?

*Lifi.* Nothing can deface that part of my  
Religion in me, not to pray for you.

*Sop.* It is not then impossible you may  
Forgive me too, indeed I have a soule  
Is full of penitence, and something else,  
If blushing would allow to give'r a name.

*Lifi.* What Madam?

*Sop.* Love, a love that should redeeme  
My past offence, and make me white againe.

*Lifi.* I hope no sadnesse can possesse your thoughts  
For me, I am not worthy of this sorrow,  
But if you meane it any satisfaction  
For what your will hath made me suffer, 'tis  
But a strange overflow of charity,  
To keepe me still alive, be your selfe Madam,  
And let ~~no cause of mine~~ be guilty of  
This rape upon your eyes, my name's not worth  
The least of all your teares.

*Sop.*



*The Coronation.*

*Sop.* You thinke em counterfeit.

*Lisi.* Although I may  
Suspect a womans smile hereafter, yet  
I would beleeve their wet eyes, and if this  
Be what you promise, for my sake, I have  
But one reply.

*Sop.* I waite it.

*Lisi.* I have now  
Another Mistresse.

*Sop.* Stay.

*Lisi.* To whom I have made  
Since your revolt from me, a new chaste vow,  
Which not the second malice of my fate  
Shall violate, and she deserves it Madam,  
Even for that wherein you are excellent,  
Beauty, in which she shines equall to you  
Her vertue, if she but maintaine what now  
She is Mistresse of, beyond all competition,  
So rich it cannot know to be improv'd,  
At least in my esteeme, I may offend,  
But truth shall justifie, I have not flatterd her,  
I beg your pardon, and to leave my duty  
Vpon your hand, all that is good flow in you.

*Exit.*

*Sop.* Did he not say *Charills*, that he had  
Another Mistresse?

*Cha.* Such a sound me thought  
Came from him.

*Sop.* Let's remove, here's too much ayre,  
The sad note multiplies.

*Cha.* Take courage Madam,  
And my advice, he has another Mistresse,  
If he have twenty, be you wise, and crosse him  
With entertaining twice as many servants,  
And when he sees your humour heele returne,  
And sue for any Livery, grieve for this,  
It must be she, 'tis *Polidora* has  
Taken his heart, she live my rivall,  
How does the thought inflame me.

*The Coronation.*

*Cha. Polidora?*

*Sop.* And yet she does but justly, and he too;  
I would have rob'd her of *Arcadius* heart,  
And they will both have this revenge on me,  
But something will rebell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Demetrius, Philocles, Lisander.*

*De.* The house is desolate, none comes forth to meete us,  
Shees slow to entertaine us, *Philocles*,  
I prethee tell me, did she weare no cloud  
Vpon her brow, wast freely that she said  
We should be welcome.

*Pbi.* To my apprehension,  
Yet tis my wonder she appeares not.

*Lisa.* She nor any other,  
Sure there's some conceite  
To excuse it.

*Dem.* Stay, who's this? observe what followes?

*Pbi.* Fortune? some maske to entertaine you sir.

*Enter Fortune crown'd, attended with Youth,  
Health, and Pleasure.*

*For.* Not yet? what silence doth inhabite here?  
No preparation to bid Fortune welcome!  
Fortune the genious of the world, have we  
Descended from our pride, and state to come  
So farre attended with our darlings, Youth  
Pleasure, and Health, to be neglected thus?  
Sure this is not the place? call hither Fame.

*Enter Fame.*

*Fa.* What would great Fortune?

*For.* Kpow,  
Who dwels here.

*Fa.* Once more I report great Queene,  
This is the house of Love.

*For.* It cannot be,  
This place has too much shade, and lookes as if  
It had beene quite forgotten of the Spring,  
And sunne beames Love, affect society  
And heate, here all is cold as the haire of Winter,



*The Coronation.*

No harmony to catch the busie eare  
Of passengers, no object of delight,  
To take the wandring eyes, no song, no grone  
Of Lovers, no complaint of Willow garlands,  
Love has a Beacon upon his palace top  
Of flaming hearts, to call the weary pilgrime  
To rest, and dwell with him, I see no fire  
To threaten, or to warme, can Love dwell here?

*Fa.* If there be noble love upon the world,  
Trust Fame, and finde it here.

*For.* Make good your boast  
and bring him to us.

*De.* What does meane all this?

*Lisa.* I told you sir we should have some device,

*Enter Love.*

There's *Cupid* now, that little Gentleman,  
Has troubled every masque at Court this seven yeare.

*Dem.* No more.

*Love.* Welcome to Love, how much you honor me!  
It had become me, that upon your summons  
I should have waited upon mighty Fortune,  
But since you have vouchsafed to visite me;  
All the delights Love can invent, shall flow  
To entertaine you, Musicke through the ayre  
Shoote your inticing harmony.

*For.* We came to dance and revell with you

*Lov.* I am poore  
In my ambition, and want thought to reach  
How much you honor Love.

*Dance.*

*Enter Honour.*

*Hon.* What intrusion's this?  
Whom doe you seeke here.

*Lov.* Tis Honour.

*For.* He's my servant.

*Lov.* Fortune is come to visit us.

*Hon.* And has  
Corrupted Love, is this thy faith to her,  
On whom we both waite, to betray her thus

To

### The Coronation.

To Fortunes triumph, take her giddy wheele,  
And be no more companion to honour  
I blush to know thee, whole beleewe there can  
Be truth in Love hereafter?

*Low.* I have found  
My eyes, and see my shame, and with it, this  
Proud forcereffe, from whom, and all her charmes,  
I flye agen to Honour, be my guard,  
Without thee I am lost and cannot boast,  
The merit of a name.

*For.* Dispis'd? I shall  
Remember this affront.

*Dem.* What morral's this? *Exeunt.*

*Enter Honour with the Crowne upon a  
mourning Cushion.*

What melancholly object strikes a suddaine  
Chillnesse through all my veines, and turnes me Ice?  
It is the same I sent, the very same,  
As the first pledge of her insuing greatnesse,  
Why in this mourning livery, if she live  
To whom I sent it? ha, what shape of sorrow?

*Enter Polidora in mourning.*

It is not *Polidora*, she was faire  
Enough, and wanted not the setting off  
With such a blacke, if thou beest *Polidora*,  
Why mournes my love? it neither does become  
Thy fortune nor my joyes.

*Pol.* But it becomes  
My griefes, this habit fits a funerall,  
And it were sinne, my Lord, nor to lament  
A friend new dead.

*Dem.* And I yet living? can  
A sorrow enter but upon thy garment,  
Or discomplexion thy attire, whilst I  
Enjoy a life for thee? who can deserve  
Wei gh'd with thy living comforts, but a peice  
Of all this Ceremony? give him a name

*Pol.* He was *Arcadius*.

*Dem.*



The Coronation.

Dem. *Arcadius?*

Pol. A Gentleman that lov'd me dearly once,  
And does compell these poore, and fruitlesse drops,  
Which willingly would fall upon his hearse,  
To imbalme him twice.

Dem. And are you sure hees dead?

Pol. As sure as you're living fir, and yet  
I did not close his eyes, but he is dead,  
And I shall never see the same *Arcadius*,  
He was a man so rich in all that's good,  
At least J thought him so, so perfect in  
The rules of honour, whom alone to imitate  
Were glory in a Prince, Nature her selfe  
Till his creation wrought imperfectly,  
As she had made but tryall of the rest,  
To mould him excellent.

Dem. And is he dead?

Come, shame him not with praises, recollect  
Thy scattered hopes, and let me tell my best,  
And dearest *Polidora*, that he lives,  
Still lives to honour thee.

Pol. Lives, where?

Dem. Looke here.

Am not I worth your knowledge?

Pol. And my duty,

You are *Demetrius* King of *Epire*, sir.  
I could not easily mistake him so,  
To whom I gave my heart.

Dem. Mine is not chang'd,  
But still hath fed upon thy memory,  
These honours, and additions of state  
Are lent me for thy sake, be not so strange,  
Let me not lose my entertainment now  
I am improv'd, and rais'd unto the height,  
Beneath which, I did blush to aske thy love.

Pol. Give me your pardon sir, *Arcadius*,  
At our last meeting without argument  
To move him more then his affection to me,

H

Vowd

*The Coronation.*

Vow'd he did love me; love me bove all women,  
And to confirme his heart was truly mine,  
He wish'd, I tremble to remember it,  
When he forsooke his *Polidora's* love,  
That Heaven might kill his happinesse on earth:  
Was not this nobly said, did not this promise  
A truth to shame the Turtles?

*Dem.* And his heart  
Is still the same, and I thy constant Lover.

*Pol.* Give me your leave I pray, I would not say  
*Arcadius* was perjur'd, but the same day  
Forgetting all his promises, and oaths,  
While yet they hung upon his lips, forsooke me,  
Dee not remember this too, gave his faith  
From me, transported with the noyse of greatnesse,  
And would be marryed to a Kingdome.

*Dem.* But heaven permitted not I should dispose  
What was ordain'd for thee.

*Pol.* It was not vertue  
In him, for sure he found no checke, no sting  
In his owne bosome, but gave freely all  
The reines to blind ambition.

*Dem.* I am wounded,  
The thought of thee ith' throng of all my iyes,  
Like poyson powr'd in Nectar, turnes me franticke,  
Deare, if *Arcadius* have made a fault,  
Let not *Demetrius* be punish'd for't,  
He pleads that ever will be constant to thee.

*Pol.* Shall I beleeeve mans flatteries agen,  
Lose my sweete rest, and peace of thought agen,  
Be drawne by you, from the straight paths of vertue  
Into the maze of Love.

*Dem.* I see compassion in thy eye, that chides me  
If I have either soule, but what's contain'd  
Within these words, or if one syllable  
Of their full force, be not made good by me,  
May all relenting thoughts in you take end,  
And thy disdain be doubled, from thy pardon,



*The Coronation.*

Ile count my Coronation, and that houre  
Fix with a rubricke in my Calender,  
As an auspicious time to entertaine  
Affaires of weight with Princes, thinke who now  
Intreate thy mercy, come thou shalt be kinde,  
And divide titles with me.

*Pol.* Heare me fir,

I lov'd you once for vertue, and have not  
A thought so much unguarded, as to be wonne  
From my truth, and innocence with any  
Motives of state to affect you,  
Your bright temptation mounes while it staies here  
Nor can the triumph of glory, which made you  
Forget me, so court my opinion backe,  
Were you no King, I should be sooner drawne  
Againe to love you, but tis now too late,  
A low obedience shall become me best  
May all the joyes I want  
Still waite on you, if time hereafter tell you  
That sorrow for your fault hath stricke me dead,  
May one soft teare drop from your eye, in pitty  
Bedew my heart, and I shall sleepe securely  
I have but one word more for goodnesse sake,  
For your owne honour fir correct your passion  
To her you shall love next, and I forgive you. *Exit.*

*Dem.* Her heart is frozen up, nor can warme prayers  
Thaw it to any softnesse.

*Phi.* Ile fetch her fir againe.

*Dem.* Perswade her not.

*Phi.* You give your passion too much leave to triumph.  
Seeke in another what she denies.

*Enter Macarius*

*Mac.* Where's the King? oh fir, you are undone,  
A dangerous treason is a foote.

*Dem.* What treason?

*Mac.* *Cassander*, and *Eubulus* have proclaim'd  
Another King, whom they pretend to be  
*Leonatus* your elder brother, he that was,

H 2

But

*The Coronation.*

But this morning prisoner in the Castle.

*Dem.* Ha?

*Mac.* The easie *Epirotos* Gather in multitudes to advance his title,  
They have seased upon the Court, secure your person  
Whilst we raise power to curbe this insurrection.

*Ant.* Lose no time then.

*Dem.* We will not smite long man,  
Speake it agen, have I a brother living?  
And must be no King.

*Mac.* What meanes your grace?

*Dem.* This newes doth speake me happy, it exalts  
My heart, and makes me capable of more  
Then twenty Kingdomes.

*Phi.* Will you not sit, stand  
Vpon your guard?

*Dem.* Ile stand upon my honour,  
Mercy releives me.

*Lisa.* Will you lose the Kingdome?

*Dem.* The worlds too poore to bribe me, leave  
Me all, lest you extenuate my fame, and  
Be thought to have redeem'd it by your counsell,  
You shall not share one scruple in the honour;  
Titles may set a glosse upon our name,  
But vertue onely is the soule of Fame.

*Mac.* He's strangely possesst Gentlemen.

*Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Philocles, and Lisander.*

*Phi.* **H**eres a strange turne, *Lisander.*

*Lisa.* Tis a Kingdome  
Easily purchas'd, who will trust the faith  
Of multitudes?

*Phi.* It was his fault, that would  
So tamely give his title to their mercy,

The



*The Coronation.*

**The new King has possession.**

*Lisa.* And is like  
To keep't, we are alone, what dost thinke of  
This innovation? is't not a fine ligg?  
A precious cunning in the late Protector  
To shuffle a new Prince into the state.

*Phi.* I know not how they have shuffled, but my head on't  
A false card is turn'd up trump, but fates looke too't,

*Enter Cassander and Eubolus.*

*Eub.* Does he not carry it bravely.

*Cas.* Excellently.

*Philocles, Lisander.*

*Phi. Lis.* Your Lordships servants,  
Are we not bound to heaven, for multiplying  
These blessings on the Kingdome.

*Phi.* Heaven alone  
Workes miracles my Lord.

*Lisa.* I thinke your Lordship  
Had as little hope once, to see these Princes  
Revive.

*Phi.* Here we must place our thankes,  
Next providence, for preserving  
So deere a pledge.

*Enter Leonatus attended.*

*Eub.* The King.

*Leo.* It is our pleasure  
The number of our guard be doubled, give  
A Largeesse to the Soldiers; but dismisse not  
The troopes till we command.

*Cas.* May it please.

*Leo.* It will not please us otherwise, my Lord,  
We have tride your faith,

*Eub.* Does he not speake with confidence?

*Leo.* My Lords, and Gentlemen, to whose faith we must  
Owe next to heaven our fortune, and our safety,  
After a tedious eclipse, the day  
Is bright, and we invested in those honours,  
Our blood, and birth did challenge.

*The Coronation.*

*Cas.* May no time  
Be registred in our annalls, that shall mention  
One that had life to oppose your sacred person.

*Leo.* Let them whose titles forg'd and flaw'd suspect  
Their states security, our right to Epire,  
Heaven is oblig'd to prosper, treason has  
No face so blacke to frighten, all my cares  
Levell to this, that I may worthily  
Manage the province, and advance the honour  
Of our deere Country, and be confident,  
If an expence of blood, may give addition  
Of any happinesse to you, I shall  
Offer my heart the sacrifice, and rejoyce  
To make my selfe a ghost, to have inscrib'd  
Vpon my marble, but whose cause I dyed for.

*Enb.* May Heaven avert such danger.

*Cas.* Excellent Prince,  
In whom we see the Coppy of his Father  
None but the sonne of *Theodosius*,  
Could have spoke thus.

*Leo.* You are pleas'd to interpret well,  
Yet give me leave to say in my owne justice,  
I have but exprest the promptnesse of my soule  
To serve you all, but tis not empty wishes  
Can satisfie our mighty charge, a weight  
Would make an *Atlas* double, a Kings name  
Doth sound harmoniously to men at distance,  
And those who cannot penetrate beyond  
The barke, and outskinne of a common wealth,  
Or state, have eyes but ravish'd with the Ceremony  
That must attend a Prince, and understand not  
What cares allay the glories of a Crowne,  
But good Kings finde and feele the contrary,  
You have tride, my Lord, the burden, and can tell  
It would require a Pilote of more yeares  
To steere this Kingdome, now impos'd on me,  
By justice of my birth.

*Cas.* I wish not life,

*Cas.*



*The Coronation.*

But to partake those happy dayes, which must  
Succeed these faire proceedings, we are blest,  
But sir be sparing to your selfe, we shall  
Hazard our joyes in you too soone, the burden  
Of state affaires impose upon your counsell.  
Tis fitter that we waste our lives then you,  
Call age too soone upon you with the trouble,  
And cares that threaten such an undertaking,  
Preserve your youth.

*Leo.* And choose you our protector,  
Is that you would conclude my Lord? We will  
Deserve our subjects faith for our owne sake,  
Not sit an idle gazer at the helme.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Phi.* How observ'd you that,  
Marke how *Cassander's* planet stricke.

*Eu.* He might have look'd more calmly for all that  
I begin to feare; but doe not yet seeme troubled.

*Leo.* With what newes travailes his hast? I must secure  
My selfe betimes, not be a King in jest,  
And weare my crowne a tenant to their breath.

*Cas.* *Demetrius* sir, your brother,  
With other traytors that oppose your claimes,  
Are fled to the Castle of *Nestorius*  
And fortifie.

*Mes.* I said not so my Lord.

*Cas.* He have it thought so, hence. *Exit Messen.*

*Leo.* Plant forces to batter  
The wals, and in their ruine bring us word  
They live not.

*Eub.* Good sir heare me. *Cas.* Let it worke,  
Were *Demetrius* dead, we easily might uncrowne  
This swolne impostor, and my sonne be faire  
To peice with young *Sophia*, who I heare  
Repents her late affront.

*Eub.* Their lives may doe  
You service, let not blood stain your beginnings  
The people not yet warme in their allegiance,  
May thinke it worth their tumult to revenge it

With

*The Coronation.*

With hazard of your selfe, I would have done it.

*Leo.* Who dares but thinke it? Yet offer first our mercy, if they yeeld.

*Demetrius* must not live, my Lord your counsell,  
What if he were in heaven?

*Cas.* You have my consent,  
You shannot stay long after him.

*Leo.* *Sophia* is  
Not my sister,  
To prevent al that may indanger us, wee'l marry her  
That done no matter though we stand discover'd,  
For in her title then we are King of *Epire*,  
Without dispute.

*Cas.* Hum? in my judgement fir,  
That wonot doe so well.

*Leo.* Whats your opinion?

*Cas.* He countermines my plot: are you so cunning

*Leo.* Whats that you mutter fir?

*Cas.* I mutter fir?

*Leo.* Best say I am no King, but some impostor  
Rais'd up to gull the state.

*Cas.* Very fine to have said within  
Few houres you'd beene no King, nor like to be,  
Was not in the compasse of high treason  
I take it.

*Eub.* Restraine your anger, the Kings mov'd, speake not.

*Cas.* I will speake louder, doe I not know him?  
That selfe same hand that rais'd him to the throne  
Shall plucke him from it, is this my reward?

*Leo.* Our guard, to prison with him,

*Cas.* Me to prison?

*Leo.* Off with his head.

*Cas.* My head?

*Eub.* Vouchsafe to heare me, great fir.

*Cas.* How dares he be so insolent?  
I ha wrought my selfe into a fine condition,  
Dee know me Gentlemen?

*Phi.* Very well my Lord;

How



*The Coronation.*

How are we bound to heaven for multiplying  
These blessings on the Kingdome.

*Leo.* We allow it.

*Emb.* Counsell did never blast a Princes eare.

*Leo.* Convey him to the sanctuary of rebels,  
*Nestorius* house, where our proud brother has  
Enscold himselfe, theyle entertaine him lovingly,  
He will be a good addition to the traitors,  
Obey me or you dye for't, what are Kings  
When subjects dare affrout em.

*Cas.* I shall vex  
Thy soule for this.

*Leo.* Away with him, when Kings  
Frowne, let offenders tremble, this flowes not  
From any cruelty in my nature, but  
The fate of an usurper, he that will  
Be confirm'd great without just tittle to it,  
Must lose compassion, know whats good, not doe it.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Polidora and her servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the Princeesse *Sophia*.

*Pol.* I attend her highnesse.

*Enter Sophia.*

How much your grace honours your humble servant

*Sop.* I hope my brether's well.

*Pol.* I hope so too Madam.

*Sop.* Doe you but hope? he came to be your guest.

*Pol.* We are all his whilst he is pleas'd to honour  
This poore roose with his royall presence Madam.

*Sop.* I came to aske your pardon *Polidora*,

*Pol.* You never Madam trespass'd upon me,  
Wrong not your goodnesse.

*Sop.* I can be but penitent,  
Vnlesse you point me out some other way  
To satisfie.

*Pol.* Deere Madam doe not mocke me.

*Sop.* there is no injury like that to love,  
I finde it now in my owne sufferings,

I

But

*The Coronation.*

But though I would have rob'd thee of *Arcadius*  
Heaven knew a way to reconcile your hearts,  
And punish'd me in those joyes you have found,  
I read the story of my losse of honour,  
Yet can rejoyce, and heartily, that you  
Have met your owne agn.

*Pol.* Whom doe you meane?

*Sop.* My brother.

*Pol.* He is found to himselfe and honour,  
He is my King, and though I must acknowledge  
He was the glory of my thoughts, and I  
Lov'd him as you did Madam, with desire  
To be made his, reason, and duty since,  
Form'd me to other knowledge, and I now  
Looke on him without any wish of more  
Then to be call'd his subject.

*Sop.* Has he made  
Himselfe lesse capable by being King.

*Pol.* Of what?

*Sop.* Of your affection.

*Pol.* With your pardon Madam,  
Love in that sense you meane, lest *Polidora*  
When he forsooke *Arcadius*, I disclaime

All ryes betweene us, more then what a name  
Of King must challenge from my obedience.

*Sop.* This does confirme my jealousy, my heart,  
For my sake Madam, hee lost his value.

*Pol.* Let me beseech your grace, I may have leave  
To answer in some other cause, or person,  
This argument but opens a sad wound  
To make it bleed a fresh, we may change this  
Discourse, I would elect some subject, whose  
Prayes may more delight your eare then this  
Can mine; let's talke of young *Lisimachus*.

*Sop.* Ha? my presaging feares.

*Pol.* How does your grace?

*Sop.* Well, you were talking of *Lisimachus*,  
Pray give me your opinion of him.

*Fol.*



*The Coronation.*

*Pol.* Mine?

It will be much short of his worth, I thinke him  
A gentleman so perfect in all goodnesse,  
That if there be one in the world deserves  
The best of women, heaven created him,  
To make her happy.

*Sop.* You have in a little, Madam,  
Exprest a Volume of mankind, a miracle,  
But all have not the same degree of faith,  
He is but young.

*Pol.* What mistresse would desire  
Her servant old? he has both Spring to please  
Her eye, and Summer to returne a harvest.

*Sop.* He is blacke.

*Pol.* He sets a beauty off more rich,  
And she thats faire will love him, faint complections  
Betray effeminate mindes, and love of change,  
Two beauties in a bed, compound few men,  
He's not so faire to counterfeit a woman,  
Nor yet so blacke, but blushes may betray  
His modesty.

*Sop.* His proportion exceeds not.

*Pol.* That praises him, and well compacted frame  
Speakes temper, and sweet flow of elements,  
Vast buildings are more oft for shew then use,  
I would not have my eyes put to the travell  
Of many acres, ere I could examine  
A man from head to foote, he has no great,  
But he may boast, an eligant composition.

*Sop.* Ile heare no more, you have so farre outdone  
My injuriès to you, that I call backe  
My penitence, and must tell *Polidora*,  
This revenge ill becomes her. Am I thought  
So lost in soule to heare, and forgive this?  
In what shade doe I live? or shall I thinke  
I have not at the lowest enough merit,  
Setting aside my birth, to poyze with yours,  
Forgive my modest thoughts, if I rise up

I 2

My

*The Coronation.*

My owne defence, and tell this unjust Lady  
So great a Winter hath not frozen yet  
My cheek, but there is something nature planted;  
That carries as much bloome, and spring upon't  
As yours, what flame is in your eye, but may  
Finde competition here (forgive agen  
My Virgin honour,) what is in your lip,  
To rize the enamour'd soule, to dwell with more  
Ambition then the yet unwithered blush  
That speakes the innocence of mine.

*Enter Demetrius.*

Oh brother?

*Dem.* Ile talke with you anon, my *Polidora*;  
Allow thy patience till my breath recover  
Which now comes laden with the richest newes  
Thy care was ever blest with.

*Sop.* Both your lookes,  
And voyce expresse some welcome accident.

*De.* Guesse what in wish could make me fortunate  
And heaven hath dropt that on *Demetrius*.

*Sop.* What meanes this extasie?

*Dem.* Twere sinne to busie  
Thy thoughts upon't, Ile tell thee that I could  
Retaine some part, tis too wide a joy  
To be exprest so soone, and yet it falls  
In a few fillables, thou wot scarce beleeve me,  
I am no King.

*Sop.* Hows that!

*Pol.* Good heaven forbid.

*De.* Forbid? Heaven has releiv'd me with a mercy,  
I knew not how to aske, I have they say  
An elder brother living, crown'd already,  
I only keepe my name *Demetrius*,  
Without desire of more addition,  
Then to returne thy servant.

*Pol.* You amaze me,  
Can you rejoyce to be deposd:

*Dem.* It but

Translates



*The Coronation.*

Translates me to a fairer and better Kingdome  
In *Polidora*.

*Pol.* Mee?

*Dem.* Did you not say,  
Were I no King you could be drawne to love  
Me agen, that was consented to in Heaven,  
A Kingdome first betray'd my ambitious soule  
To forget thee, that, and the flattering glories,  
How willingly *Demetrius* doe resigne,  
The Angels know, thus naked without titles  
I throw me on thy charity, and shall  
Boast greater Empire to be thine agen, then  
To weare the triumphs of the world upon me.

*Enter Macarius.*

*Mac.* Be not so carelesse of your selfe, the people  
Gather in multitudes, to your protection  
Offering their lives, and fortunes, if they may  
But see you sir, and heare you speake to em,  
Accept their duties, and in time prevent  
Your ruine.

*Sop.* Be not desperate, tis counsell.

*Dem.* You trouble me with noyse, speake *Polidora*.

*Pol.* For your owne sake preserve your selfe,  
My feares distract my reason.

*Enter Antigonus.*

*Ant.* Lord *Lisimachus*

Wich something that concernes your safety, is  
Fled hither, and desires a present hearing.

*Mac.* His soule is honest, be not sir a madman,  
And for a Lady give up all our freedoms. *Exit.*

*Pol.* Ile say any thing here *Lisimachus*.

*Sop.* Deare brother heare him.

*Enter Lisimachus.*

*Lis.* Sir, I come to yeeld  
My selfe your prisoner, if my father have  
Raisd an Impostor to supplant your title  
Which I suspect, and inwardly doe bleed for.  
I shall not onely by the tender of

I 3

My

*The Coronation.*

My selfe declare my innocence, but either  
By my unworthy life secure your person,  
Or by what death you shall impose, reward  
The unexpected treason.

*Sop.* Brave young man,  
Did you not heare him brother?

*Lis.* I am not minded.

*Pol.* Be witnesse Madam, I resigne my heart  
It never was anothers, you declare  
Too great a satisfaction, I hope  
This will destroy your jealousie,  
Remember now your danger.

*Dem.* I dispise it,  
What fate dares injure me?

*Lis.* Yet heare me fir.

*Sop.* Forgive me, *Polidora*, you are happy.  
My hopes are remov'd farther, I had thought  
*Lisimachus* had meant you for his mistress,  
Tis misery to feed, and not know where  
To place my jealousie.

*Enter Macarius.*

*Mac.* Now tis too late,  
You may be deafe, untill the Cannon make,  
You finde your sence, we are shut up now by  
A troupe of Horse, thanke your selfe.

*Pol.* They will  
Admit conditions.

*Sop.* And allow us quarter.

*a shout within.*

*Pol.* We are all lost.

*Dem.* Be comforted.

*Enter Antigonus.*

*Ant.* Newes my Lord *Cassander* sent by the new King.  
To beare us company.

*Dem.* Not as prisoner?

*Ant.* It does appeare no otherwise, the souldiers  
Declare how much they love him, by their noyse  
Of scorne, and joy to see him so rewarded.

*Dem.* It cannot be.

*Ant.*



*The Coronation.*

*Ant.* Youle finde it presently,  
He curses the new King, talkes treason gainst him  
As nimble as he were in's shirt, he's here.

*Enter Cassander.*

*Cas.* Oh let me beg untill my knees take roote  
Ith' earth, sir, can you pardon me?

*Dem.* For what?

*Cas.* For Treason, desperate, most malicious treason  
I have undone you sir.

*Dem.* It does appeare  
You had a will.

*Cas.* Ile make you all the recompence I can,  
But ere you kill me heare me, know the man,  
Whom I to serve my unjust ends, advanc'd  
To your throne, is an impostor, a meere counterfeit,  
*Exit Anti.*  
*Enbulus* sonne.

*Dem.* It is not then our brother?

*Cas.* An insolent usurper, proud, and bloodydy  
*Seleucus*, is no leprosie upon me?

There is not punishment enough in nature

To quit my horrid act, I have not in

My stocke of blood to satisfie with weeping,

Nor could my soule though melted to a flood

Within me, gush out teares to wash my staine off.

*Dem.* How? an impostor, what will become of us now?  
We are at his mercy.

*Cas.* Sir, the peoples hearts  
Will come to their owne dwelling, when they see  
I dare accuse my selfe, and suffer for it,  
Have courage then young King, thy fate cannot  
Be long compell'd.

*Dem.* Rise, our misfortune  
Carries this good, although it lose our hopes,  
It makes you friend with virtue, weele expect  
What providence will doe.

*Cas.* You are too mercifull.

*Lisi.* Our duties shall beg heaven still to preserve you.

*Enter Antigonus.*

*Ant.* Our enemy desires some parley sir.

*Lisi.*

*The Coronation.*

*Lis.* 'Tis not amisse to heare their proposition.

*Pol.* Ile waite upon you.

*Dem.* Thou art my angell, and canst best instruct me;  
Boldly present our selves, you'le with *Cassander*.

*Cas.* And in death be blest  
To finde your charity. *Exit*

*Sop.* *Lisimachus*,

*Lis.* Madam.

*Sop.* They will not misse your presence, the small time  
Is spent in asking of a question.

*Lis.* I waite your pleasure.

*Sop.* Sir I have a suite to you.

*Lis.* To me? it must be granted.

*Sop.* If you have  
Cancell'd your kinde opinion of me,  
Deny me not to know, who hath succeeded  
*Sophia* in your heart, I beg the name  
Of your new Mistrisse.

*Lis.* You shall know her Madam,  
If but these tumults cease, and fate allow us  
To see the Court agen, I hope you'll bring  
No mutiny against her, but this is  
No time to talke of Love, let me attend you.

*Sop.* I must expect, till you are pleas'd to satisfy  
My poore request, conduct me at your pleasure. *Exeunt*

*Enter Leonatus, Eubulus, Bishop, Lisander, Philocles.*

*Leo.* They are too slow, dispatch new messengers,  
To entreat em fairely hither, I am extasied,  
Were you witness for me too, is it possible  
I am what this affirms true, *Leonatus*  
And were you not my father, was I given  
In trust to you an Infant?

*Eub.* 'Tis a truth,  
Our soule's bound to acknowledge, you supply'd  
The absence and opinion of my sonne,  
Who dyed but to make you my greater care  
I know not of *Demetrius*, but suppos'd  
Him dead indeed, as *Epire* thought you were,

Your



*The Coronation.*

Your Fathers character doth want no testimony,  
Which but compar'd with what concerns *Demetrius*,  
Will prove it selfe King *Theodosius* act,  
Your royall Father.

*Bish.* I am subscrib'd to both his Legacies  
By oath oblig'd to secrecie, untill  
Thus fairely summon'd to reveale the trust.

*Eub.* *Cassander* had no thought you would prove thus.  
To whose policy I gave this aime, although  
He wrought you up to serve but as his engine,  
To batter young *Demetrius*, for it was  
Your Fathers prudent jealousy, that made him  
Give out your earely deaths, as if his soule  
Propheci'd his owne first, and fear'd to leave  
Either of you to the unsafe protection,  
Of one whose study would be to supplant  
Your right, and make him selfe the King of *Epire*.

*Bish.* Your sister faire *Sophia* in your Fathers  
Life, was design'd to marry with *Lisimachus*  
That guarded her, although she us'd some art  
To quit her pupillage, and being absolute,  
Declar'd love to *Demetrius*, which enforc'd  
*Macarius* to discover first your brother.

*Leo.* No more, least you destroy agen *Leonatus*,  
With wonder of his fate, are they not come yet?  
Something it was, I felt within my envy  
Of young *Demetrius* fortune, there were seeds  
Scatterd upon my heart, that made it swell  
With thought of Empire, Princes I see cannot  
Be totally eclips'd, but wherefore staves  
*Demetrius*, and *Sophia*, at whose names  
A gentle spirit walk'd upon my blood.

*Enter Demetrius, Polidora, Sophia, Macarius, Cassander, Lisimachus.*

*Eub.* They are here,

*Leo.* Then thus I flye into their bosomes,  
Nature has rectifi'd in me *Demetrius*,  
The wandrings of ambition, our deere sister  
You are amaz'd, I did expect it, read

K

Assurance

*The Coronation.*

Affurance there the day is tinge with wonder,

*Maon.* What means all this?

*Leo.* *Lisimachus*, be deare to us,

*Cassander*, you are welcome too.

*Cas.* Not I,

I doe not looke for't, all this I cannot bribe

My conscience to your faction, and make

Me false to *Agem*, *Solomon* is not some

Of *Theodosius*, my deare Countrymen

Correct your erring duties, and to that,

Your lawfull King, prostrate your selves, *Demetrius*

Doth challenge all your knees.

*Dem.* All love and duty,

Flow from me to my royall King, and brother

I am confirm'd.

*Cas.* You are too credulous,

What can betray your faith so much?

*Leo.* *Sophia*, you appeare sad, as if your will

Gave no consent to this dayes happynesse.

*Sop.* No joy exceeds *Sophia* for your selfe.

*Lis.* With your pardon sir, I apprehend

A cause that makes her troubled, she desires

To know what other mistresse since her late

Unkindnesse, I have chosen to direct

My faith and service.

*Leo.* Another Mistresse?

*Lis.* Yes sir.

*Leo.* And does our sister love *Lisimachus*?

*Sop.* Here's something would confesse.

*Leo.* He must not dare

To affront *Sophia*.

*Cas.* How my shame confounds me,

I beg your justice, without pittie on

My age.

*Leo.* Your penance shall be, to be faithfull

To our state hereafter.

*Omnes.* May you live long and happy,

*Leonatus* King of Epire.

*Leo.*



*The Coronation.*

**Leo.** But where's your other Mistressse?

**Lisi.** Even here sir.

**Leo.** Our sister? is this another Mistressse sir?

**Lisi.** It holds

To prove my thoughts were so when she began  
Her sorrow for me, that sweetnesse  
Deserv'd I should esteeme her another mistressse,  
Then when she cruelly forooke *Lisimachus*,  
Your pardon Madam, and receive a heart  
Proud with my first devotion to serve you

**Sop.** In this I am crown'd again, now mine for ever.

**Leo.** You have deceiv'd her happily,

Ioy to you both.

**Dem.** We are ripe for the same wither,

**Polidora's** part of me.

**Pol.** He all my blessing.

**Leo.** Heaven powre full joyes upon you.

**Mac.** We are all blest.

There wants but one to fill your armes.

**Leo.** My mistressse, & she shall be my Country, to which I  
And wife shall be my Country, to which I  
Was in my birth contracted, your love since  
Hath playd the Priest to perfect what was Ceremony

*Though Kingdomes, by just titles prove our own,*

*The subjects hearts doe best secure a Crown.*

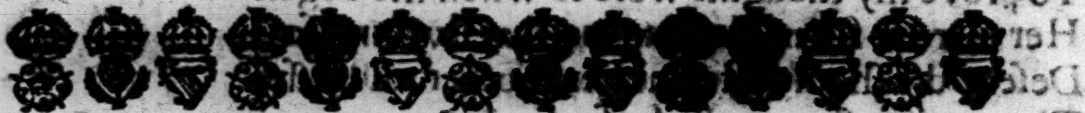
*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS

# The Coronation

Let. But where's your other Mistle?  
 Let. Even here Sir.  
 Let. On this is this another Mistle? Sir.  
 Let. It holds.

To prove my thoughts were to what the began



# The Epilogue

Proud with my first devotion to have you  
 In this am crown'd again, now mine for ever.

**T** Here is no Coronation today,  
 Unless your gentle votes doe crowne our Play,  
 If smiles appeare within each Ladies eye,  
 Which are the leading starres in this faire skie,  
 Our solemne day sets glorious, for then  
 We hope by their soft influence, the world  
 Will grace what they first shinde on, make us happy  
 (Both) how we please, and blasse our countrymen  
 With your applause, more welcome then the Bell  
 Upon a triumph, Bonfire, or what else  
 Can speake a Coronation, And thought  
 Were late dispos'd and spoyle of by the Priest  
 By the kind ayde of your hands, Gentlewomen,  
 I quickly may be Crown'd.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.





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